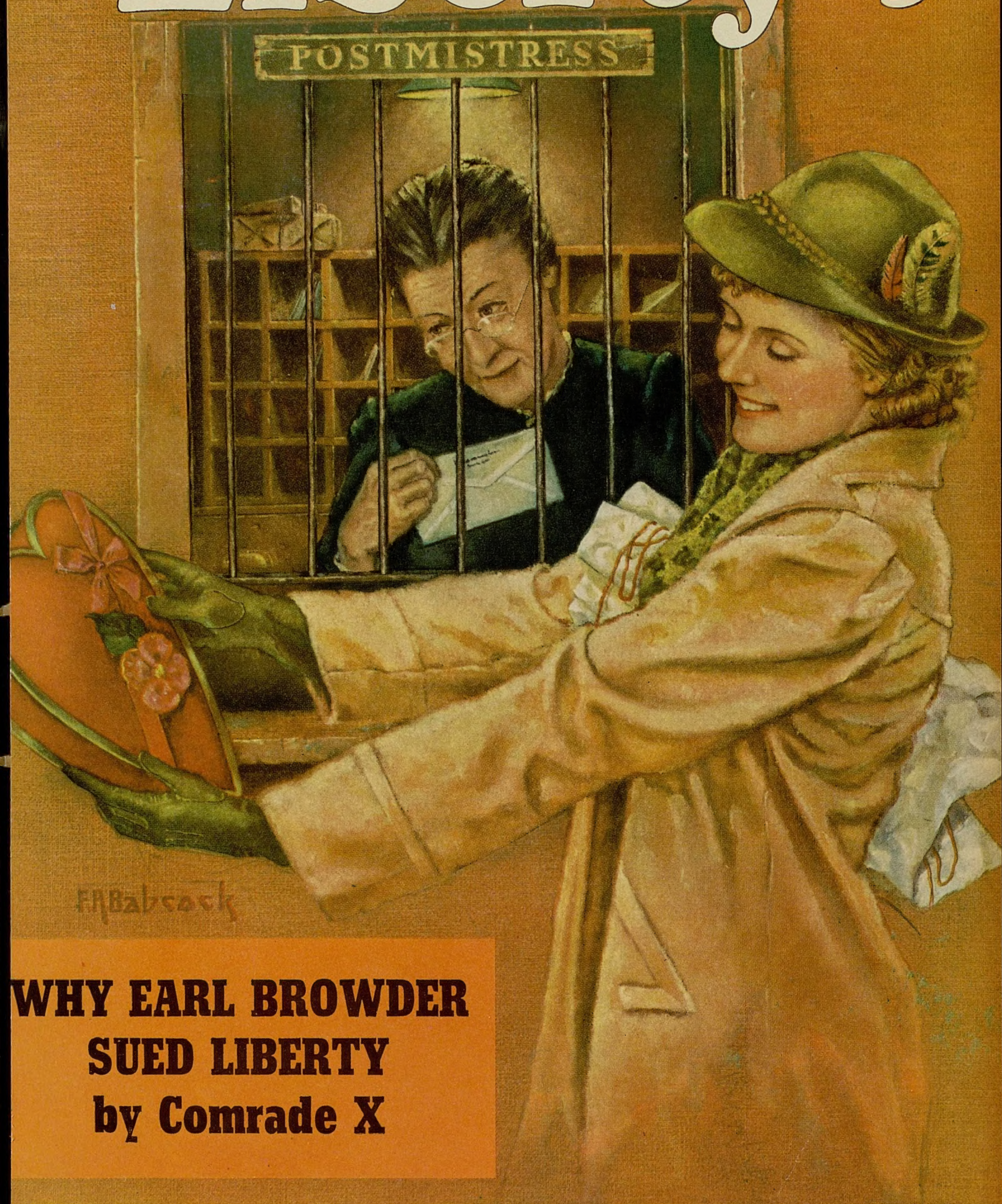


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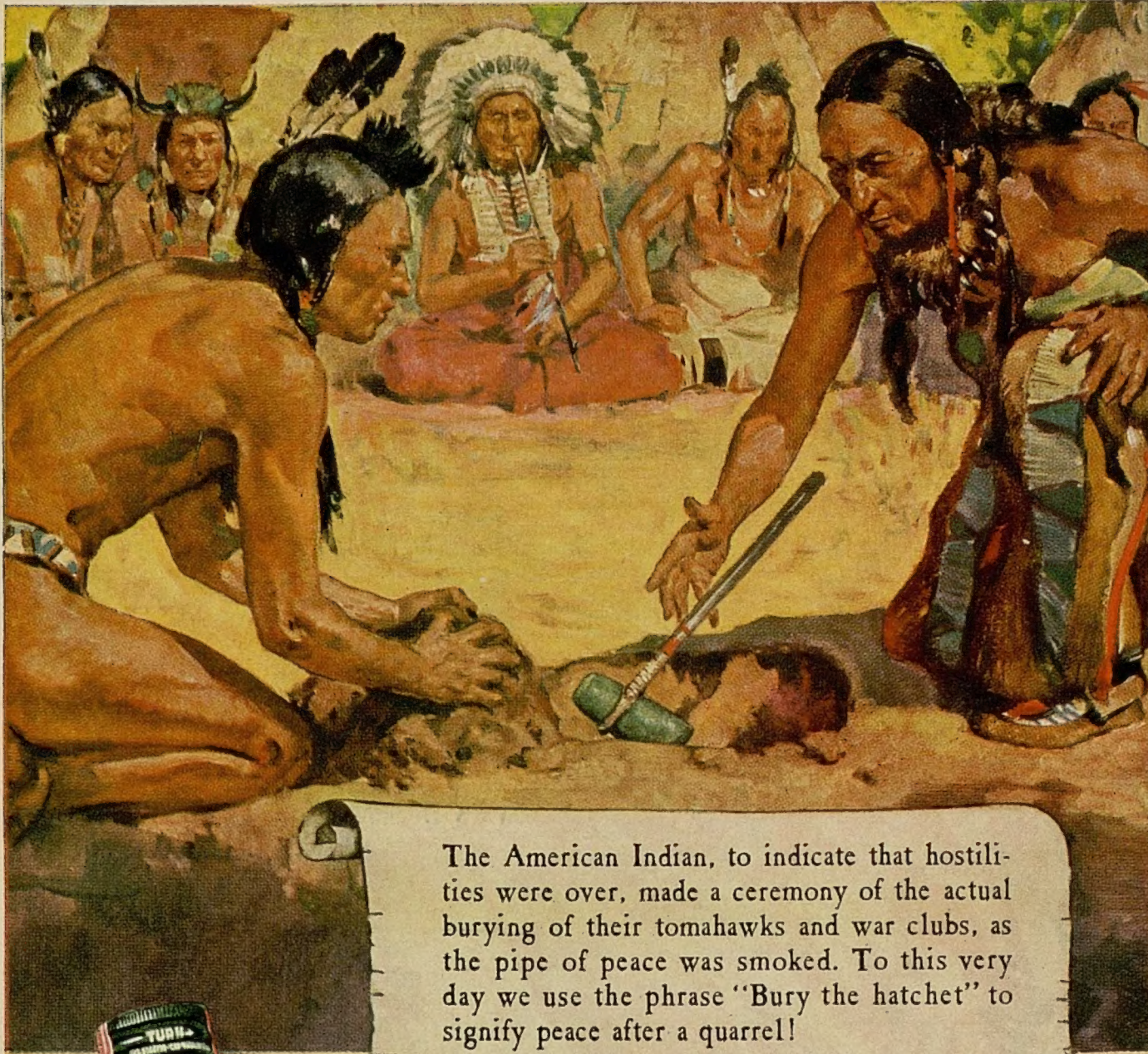
Liberty 5¢



**WHY EARL BROWDER
SUED LIBERTY
by Comrade X**

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS by STEPHEN T. EARLY, Secretary to the President

Do you know WHY WE SAY "BURY THE HATCHET"?



The American Indian, to indicate that hostilities were over, made a ceremony of the actual burying of their tomahawks and war clubs, as the pipe of peace was smoked. To this very day we use the phrase "Bury the hatchet" to signify peace after a quarrel!

• A Free Booklet Describing the Origin of Human Customs sent on request.



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Those who appreciate really fine whiskeys turn to GLENMORE, a Kentucky Straight Bourbon. Its rare flavor . . . the true flavor of Old Kentucky . . . has made GLENMORE the only distillery to have produced more than a Million Barrels of Fine Kentucky Bourbon. Such outstanding popularity comes *only* from outstanding quality.

FREE—we will gladly send you a copy of the Old Colonel's recipe booklet of famous Kentucky drinks.

Pour
Glenmore
. . . you get more

GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY, INCORPORATED
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No. 20 of a series:
FACTS
BEHIND OUR
HUMAN CUSTOMS



Look for the Glenmore Colonel . . . symbol of the proudest names in Kentucky whiskeys.



The Aristocrat of Bonds
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Bottled in Bond—100 Proof



You ought to know
TOM HARDY
A Blend of Kentucky Straight Whiskeys—90 Proof



Change to MINT SPRINGS
and keep the change
Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey—86.8 Proof

Do you see a Child?

No. I see a Man of Tomorrow.

Has the man a good-looking Smile?

Yes. His gums are Firm and his teeth Sparkling.

Why is the man's Smile so Bright?

Perhaps because he started young to use Ipana with Massage!



Does Ipana with Massage help protect against "Pink Tooth Brush"? Yes. It is a splendid aid to Firm Gums, Sparkling Teeth and Bright Smiles.



IT IS practically primer knowledge to children today—that gums must have regular care as well as the teeth. Thousands of school children—lucky youngsters!—have already learned what many adults have never learned—the importance of gum massage to firm, healthy gums and sound, bright teeth.

They know that modern foods are too soft—that they deny our gums the vigorous chewing they need for health. That's why gums often tend to become flabby, tender . . . and then comes that warning flash of "pink."

Never Ignore "Pink Tooth Brush"

When you see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist! It may not mean serious trouble—but get his advice. Very likely, he will tell you that your gums have grown lazy

—need exercise. And like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana with massage."

For Ipana is especially designed not only to clean teeth but, with massage, to aid gums. Every time you brush your teeth, massage a little Ipana onto your gums. Feel that delightful "tang"—exclusive with Ipana and massage. It means circulation is awakening in your gums—helping to make them stronger.

Get an economical tube of Ipana today. Discover for yourself why thousands of men and women use Ipana and massage for healthier gums, sparkling teeth, better-looking smiles!

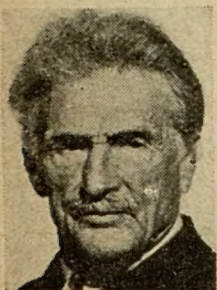
Ipana Tooth Paste

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

IS IT WORTH MORE THAN LIFE?



BERNARR
MACFADDEN

"Give me liberty, or give me death!" said Patrick Henry. This famous slogan is timeworn, but it is heavily weighted with truth. Without liberty, life is a humdrum, monotonous routine. You become but little more than a plodding mule; sometimes not unlike a dull unthinking animal.

There are the poor Russian soldiers, dying like rats in a trap, deceived by the idea that the Finns were attacking them and that they had to fight for their national existence. No free speech or free press in their country. These poor victims of regimentation imbibe only the distorted viewpoint of a tyrannical ruler.

For a century and a half we have held grimly to our Constitution. We have looked upon it as a sacred trust, inherited from our hard-working, long-suffering ancestors. They created this document to protect themselves and their progeny. They wanted to be sure that for generations to come this nation would be a secure haven for a free people. They had experienced the suffering, at times almost unbearable, that comes from the iron heel of an unfeeling dictator.

Freedom was worth more to them than life. They fought for it with fierce determination and earned it at a terrific cost.

They created a Constitution that future generations might profit from their heartbreaking sacrifices.

This Constitution has been worth more than life to us. It has perpetuated, multiplied, and enriched us as a nation. There is not a patriotic citizen in this country at this time who would not sacrifice his life if it were necessary to save for future generations the freedom that has come to us through American constitutional government.

There have been occasions when the New Deal has shown but little respect for our Constitution. We can recall references to the horse-and-buggy age, and we remember, when certain New Deal laws were being considered, that congressmen and senators were advised not to bother about whether or not such edicts were constitutional—a clear intimation that the transgression of their oath of office was encouraged.

There was a time when we boasted about our liberties. Fourth-of-July celebrations were special occasions for the flow of oratory in which we heard

much about "the land of the free and the home of the brave"; but there are no hosannas at the present time when we discuss the liberties we have enjoyed in past generations.

All through the years we have boasted that we were governed by law and not by men, but when officials disregard their oath of office and twist the English language and present interpretations opposite to that which was intended, legal mandates lose their force.

The Constitution is supposed to be our guide. Officials high or low are bound by their oath of office to interpret the meaning of the law as defined by our Constitution and the various amendments. No official has any right to make any changes in these edicts so plainly set forth.

When a ship starts across the ocean it has a definite destination. As directed by the pilot, the rudder becomes a guiding force. The rudder of our national government is represented by our Constitution. If a rudderless ship were to start for a destination, there would be but little chance of safe arrival. The Washington government, with its attitude toward the Constitution, is not unlike a rudderless ship. It is on its way but the guiding hand of constitutional government is no longer in control.

The intelligent citizens of this country are everywhere demanding that our officials discontinue their prejudiced interpretation of constitutional edicts.

We want a government by law, as set forth in our Constitution; not by men!

In a previous editorial I quoted a clause from an amendment to the Constitution which clearly sets forth the rights of our citizens. "No State . . . shall deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws" is another constitutional command that has been shamelessly disregarded in nearly every state in the Union.

If the freedom we have enjoyed in this country is worth more than life itself, it is about time for every citizen to arm himself with knowledge of our constitutional privileges, and then begin active support of every effort that is being made to uphold the tenets of this sacred document which has given us comforts and luxuries greater than have ever been bestowed upon any people throughout all history.

Bernarr Macfadden

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... that 15¢ won't cure !

SILLY how folks get mad over little things!

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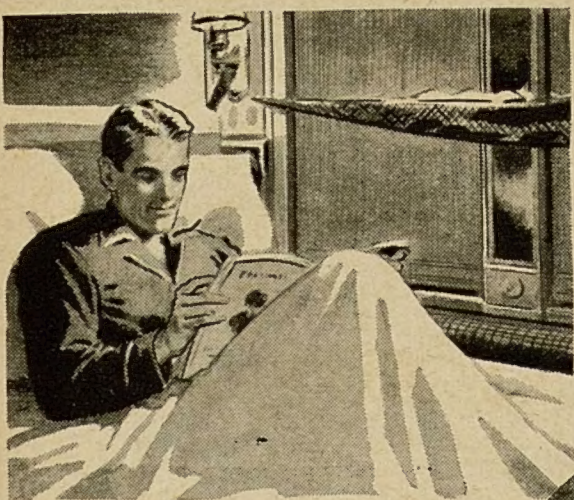
Says

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

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 Section of the Communist International
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 MAIL ADDRESS
 TELEGRAM ADDRESS: NO. 2, 15TH ST., 5TH FLOOR

OFFICIAL ORGAN
 "DAILY WORKER"

Thank you very much for your letter to me. I am indeed happy to learn of the progress which is made in the building of the union and the other workers and people's organizations.

I am sure that in the same spirit you comrades will continue to build the workers organizations and the common front of all forces who stand for democracy against the gathering forces of reaction and fascism and in the building of this movement you will strengthen the work and building of our Party, which is a vital and indispensable factor in the creation of the people's movement against fascism and war.

Please accept my personal and heartiest greetings to all you comrades.

Comradely,
Earl Browder
 Earl Browder,
 General Secretary, CPUSA

Communist Party of the U.S.A.
 1940 Membership Book

Name: [REDACTED]
 State: [REDACTED]
 County: [REDACTED]
 Section: [REDACTED]
 City: [REDACTED]
 District: [REDACTED]
 Unit: [REDACTED]

This book was issued on [REDACTED]
 Signature of [REDACTED]
 District Organizer and Party Seal

No Party Membership Book is valid unless it has the Party Seal stamped thereon and is issued by the Central Committee, CPUSA



National Party Builders Congress
 (Closing Session)
 Monday, February 21, 8 p.m.
 MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
SPECIAL DELEGATE'S PASS
 Orchestra, Row 1 to 9
 Sections: A, B, C, and D
 Auspices: Central Committee, Communist Party, U.S.A.

Comrade X's Communist Party credentials. As he says, he has asked Liberty to reproduce them—with the identifying names and numbers removed.

WHY EARL BROWDER SUED LIBERTY BY COMRADE X

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

I WAS not surprised when the Communist Party in the United States recently filed suit in the Supreme Court of New York alleging my story, I Was a Communist in the U. S. A., by Comrade X, published in the July 15 to August 5, 1939, issues of Liberty, was libelous, and asking for damages in the sum of \$2,000,000.

Paradoxical, isn't it, that the party should turn for relief to a court existing under a system it hopes eventually to destroy?

But no more paradoxical than the fact that it uses freedom of speech, press, and action to bring about a situation that would deny those very privileges to the masses whose cause it falsely claims to champion.

Naturally many people will wonder, if the charges I made are true, why did the Communist Party file suit against Liberty? What can it hope to gain by such action?

The Saturday Evening Post printed Communist Wreckers in American Labor, by Benjamin Stolberg, the W. G. Krivitsky articles, and numerous others exposing activities of the Communists in this country and baring their Moscow control. Certainly these articles did much to weaken the influence of the party in this country and make it odious to good citizens. And yet the Saturday Evening Post was not sued by the Communist Party.

Our Sunday Visitor, a Catholic weekly published at Huntington, Indiana, has printed hundreds of

Was it a prelude to a purge?—The mystery-author of an eye-opening expose ponders a \$2,000,000 riddle

vitriolic attacks on the party, and yet it has not been made defendant in a libel suit.

Donald Furthman Wickets, in his articles in Liberty a year ago, castigated the Reds who would turn America into an atheist dictatorship, and nothing came of it.

Father Coughlin has been merciless in his scathing attacks upon the American division of the Russian Communist Party, and yet at this writing neither he nor the National Broadcasting Company has been sued.

Homer L. Chaillaux, chairman of the National Americanism Commission of the American Legion, in his book, Isms, minced no words in denouncing the Communist Party as a

Moscow-controlled organization favoring overthrow of this government by force and violence. And yet the party has not sought redress from Mr. Chaillaux or the American Legion through the courts.

Monsignor Fulton Sheen of the Catholic University of America, in his Catholic hour broadcast over a national hook-up, has been unrelenting in his denunciation of the false doctrine of Communism. He has written a number of books exposing the activities of the party. And yet no suit has been filed against him.

The above-mentioned publications and individuals constitute but a mere handful of those who have made bitter attacks upon the party. Daily I

read such attacks in the daily press. And yet none of these hundreds of publications and individuals has been sued by the Party.

Why did the Communist Party pick out Liberty alone, from an open field, for a libel suit?

The answer is obvious. In the other cases referred to, the party knew the identity of the individual responsible for the attack. It is my honest opinion that the suit against Liberty was filed in order that my identity might be definitely ascertained and punishment administered according to the rules and regulations laid down by the party in Soviet Russia.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the Republican and Democratic parties punish recalcitrant members by withdrawing patronage. The Communist International has a much more thorough, permanent method. Members who are disciplined do not have an opportunity to repent.

The factual material which formed the basis of my story obviously could not have been possessed by any person who was not on the inside. Thus every member of any standing in the party is under suspicion.

You may be sure that state leaders, district organizers, members of the National Political Bureau, of the United Action Committee, and even of the National Central Committee have been questioned about whom they have talked to regarding party activities.

Even Comrade Browder is not above being suspected. After all, Comrade Browder generally is reputed to be a pretty smart man, and his peculiar act in admitting to the Dies Committee that he had fraudulently obtained a passport for traveling abroad still looks mighty queer to a lot of people, even though he has now been convicted on a charge of using a passport obtained by making a false statement, and is, at this writing, out on bail with an appeal pending.

But, of course, Liberty knows that Comrade Browder is not Comrade X. Perhaps Comrade X is Joseph Stalin or Georgi Dimitrov or the ghost of Lenin! When the spirit of Lenin peeks out from his tomb in Red Square and sees how Stalin has discarded the principles of Marx and Engels and has formed an unholy alliance with Hitler, I believe he would do almost anything to cause the downfall of the present false leaders of Communism.

PICTURE the plight of the party today. They know that somebody in the inner circle has been American enough, when he realized its program would lead to the betrayal of the American people, to disclose the secret conspiratory plans as outlined by the International in Moscow. I imagine that nowadays they are locking up desks in national headquarters and that the comrades are looking at each other with mutual distrust.

Suspicion that they authored the Comrade X articles might have fallen

on Ben Gitlow, Judah Altman, Abe Sobel, Neil Harrison, or Lee Morgan, save for the fact the party decided none of these men could possibly have known all the information disclosed.

Some of the party leaders thought the story might have been written by a member of the Central Committee.

I heard one party leader recently say there is no real Comrade X; that the series is simply material gathered by the Dies Committee. Another comrade, however, reminded him that the Comrade X articles, in many instances, predated disclosures by the Dies Committee and that much Dies Committee testimony has since corroborated my charges.

For weeks now I have read letters from Communists and their maudlin sympathizers who have called me "the dubious" Comrade X, a fake and a Fascist.

Liberty has already told its readers that I was introduced to its editor by an illustrious American and that I presented sufficient credentials to convince him that I was in fact the person I claimed to be and had the documents to corroborate my story.

I have asked Liberty to reproduce with this article photostatic copies of a few of my Communist credentials—with identifying names and numbers removed. I don't want to be purged now. I want to live to see Browder and every alien Communist driven from the shores of America.

I AM still very much alive and at present very much interested in the difficulties Mr. Browder is having with federal authorities.

This is not a new experience to him. When the Associated Press stated that he said he had not been arrested before, I could not help but wonder how he got in the federal penitentiary shortly after the first World War.

If you served time in Leavenworth Penitentiary without being arrested, Mr. Browder, it is a case for the International Labor Defense, the Civil Liberties Union, and the Committee for Defense of Peoples' Rights.

To keep the record straight: Comrade Browder was convicted on a conspiracy charge July 14, 1919, and paroled November 5, 1920.

I predict now that the investigation of his career will result in other charges, such as failure to register with the State Department as agent of a foreign government.

I hope that, in the interest of all, the federal government makes an investigation to ascertain who pays the salaries of the Central Committee and state committees, who finances the party schools, colleges, and innumerable workers' classes, who pays for the passage of hundreds of American youths to Russia for revolutionary training, and who recruited and sent thousands of them to Spain.

Liberty and the general public may rest assured that in my series of articles I made no statement that was not, to the best of my knowledge and belief, based on several years' membership in the party, the truth.

Also I have factual and documentary evidence to corroborate every statement I have made. I have confidential information acquired behind closed doors. And testimony of reliable witnesses before the Dies Committee has corroborated practically all of my Comrade X charges.

I have spoken from the same platform with Comrade Browder and members of the National Central Committee. I have been in printing plants maintained by the party. And I have heard discussed plans which would strike fear into the hearts of all American citizens.

SHORTLY after my series appeared last summer, I told Liberty that if Mr. Browder should attempt to answer my articles, I would divulge my name to the public and furnish credentials to prove my identity.

I am informed that Mr. Browder flatly refused to answer them. Perhaps he thought that Comrade X, being trained in the customary Communist art of deception, would fail to give his right name.

Perhaps he thinks filing a libel suit against Liberty is a sure way of learning my name. Perhaps he is right.

Anyhow, the party definitely revealed its purpose when the Daily Worker, its official mouthpiece, on Thursday, October 12, in discussing the suit said: "Incidentally, the suit challenges the publishers to produce the dubious Comrade X in court, although they will undoubtedly invoke freedom of the press in order to evade this embarrassment."

I am proud that my articles revealed the dangerous conditions of which most Americans were ignorant.

I like to think that I have been of service to my country, which I love and for which I may die. I know that the telling of the story enabled me to regain some of the self-respect I lost while under the spell of Stalin.

In one of my articles I requested President Roosevelt to turn the investigation of subversive activities over to the F. B. I. I previously had been told that if the F. B. I. ever was turned loose on the party, we probably would be forced to a transition to illegality as provided for by the rules of the International.

The most horrible nightmare any Communist could possibly have is to be haunted by J. Edgar Hoover and the F. B. I. Well, comrades, it's a reality now, not a dream.

Whether it be a coincidence or not, the national administration, shortly after the series was printed, turned its attention to the Communist Party. And, for the first time in years, the F. B. I. was instructed to take the field against all subversive interests.

Understand me. I do not pretend to take entire credit for the wave of revulsion against the Communist Party, and for the mass desertion of its members, but I do believe that my series of articles in Liberty had something big and vital to do with centering public attention on the party.

THE END

BY CLARK BODEY

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

READING TIME • 25 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE Old Man called me into his office and gave me the news just half an hour before the Redshirts went on the ice for a little practice game. "Bill," he said, "the Raiders are shipping Gary Dane back down to the farm again. They don't seem to think he's ready yet. Those fellows up in the front office don't know a real wing when they see one," he crabbed, rumpling his iron-gray hair. "Dane's the hottest rookie in the club, and you know it—you discovered him!"

I just grinned and hooked a leg over the Old Man's desk. He'd always been excited about Gary Dane as a find—even more than I'd been last spring when I signed on Gary and his roommate, Johnny Slocum.

Hockey's big business now, in case you don't know it, like pro football. That's why they pay guys like me to scout the college and jerkwater hockey teams.

"Well," I suggested. "Ricky will be glad to have Gary back. What's she been doing since he's been away?"

"Not pining," the Old Man snapped. "She's spent every lunch hour with young Slocum—that dumb puck stopper better watch out or Gary'll climb his frame!"

"Don't worry. Johnny probably was bragging about his pal joining a big-league team," I soothed him. "Right now I'll bet Johnny couldn't tell you the color of Ricky's eyes!"

Ricky Riordan had wonderful eyes, blue as a spring sky. Her skin made you think of cherry blossoms. Her real name was Fredricka, but Ricky fitted her a lot better. She was slim and small, which was surprising when you knew that her dad was the big Irish cop who pounded the beat past the Coliseum's doors. Ricky's shining golden hair was her mother's heritage, but her spunk and her laughter were Big Dan Riordan's own.

She made a wonderful secretary, even if sometimes Old Man Burton claimed that she ran him, the Redshirts, and the whole minor league.

Last fall, I remembered, was when Ricky got her first view of a college hero up close. Gary Dane and his roommate Johnny Slocum came into the office to report for fall practice—I was around the corner of the filing cabinet, so I heard and saw it all.

Gary was one of those big rangy kids who're born to be all-American in their junior year. He'd been captain of the track team besides, and leading scorer in college hockey circles. He stood there beside Ricky's desk looking down at her with that slow, lazy smile that had made more than one co-ed's heart go pitterpat.



I swung Ricky about to face me. "You told Garner about Johnny's release," I accused.

A Blonde ON ICE

"How about your having dinner with me tonight, sister?" he asked.

"Thanks—I'm having corned beef and cabbage," she said. "At home!"

"Please," Johnny Slocum said, "we'd like it if you would—we don't know anybody in town."

I guess Ricky saw Johnny Slocum for the first time then. Really saw him, I mean. He was slim and broad-shouldered; a lot lighter than Gary Dane. He had dark hair, a homely face, and a crooked, likable smile.

"All right," Ricky said suddenly. "You can both take me to dinner."

After that you saw the three of them together everywhere, though everybody, Johnny included, considered she was Gary Dane's girl. I guess Johnny had what you'd call a bad case of hero worship.

"They probably knew the Redshirts needed a strong front line," Johnny was saying as I came out of the Old Man's office. "That's why they sent you back, Gary—gee, it's great to see you!"

The three of them were standing there, Gary Dane with his bag in his hand, and Ricky behind the desk. Johnny had a friendly hand on Gary's shoulder. But Gary wasn't smiling.

"I'll be back in the big time by

next season," he said. "From now on I'm not pulling my punches!"

They went out, Johnny carrying Gary Dane's bag. Ricky looked up as I came forward.

"Hello, Bill," she said, and began pushing things around on her desk.

"Great pals, aren't they?" I asked, jerking my head after Gary and Johnny. "Was little Johnny Alden tooting Gary's horn again?"

"Bill," she said, "I'm worried about Johnny. He's got a permanent inferiority complex just from following Gary around. It's been that way ever since they were kids. It's 'Gary this' and 'Gary that' until I could scream. And the worst of it is, he's just as good a hockey player as Gary ever was!"

I wasn't so sure about that. When I'd hired Johnny Slocum he'd been playing defense; but the Old Man had put him in goalie pads in the Redshirts' cage. He liked big meaty guys on defense, and Johnny wasn't exactly that, though he was wiry enough. As a goalie he'd been just fair.

When the Redshirts' first and second string lined up on the ice for a workout half an hour later, I was sitting in the box along with Old Man Burton.

A swift, stirring tale of hockey, romance, and a tongue-tied lover's awakening

Ricky, too, was there, looking trim and neat in a loose tweed sports coat with a fur collar—she always sat there, pencil and pad in hand, to take down the Old Man's comments in shorthand on any player's shortcomings.

"I see you're using Ed Gruber on defense again," I said to the Old Man. "This must be his twentieth season."

"Twenty-second," said Burton, his lips thinning a little. "He's finished, Bill. With the front office yelling for new blood, they probably won't let me keep him another season."

"But that farm he's buying on installments—"

The Old Man's eyes grew bleak. "That's hockey," he said softly, "and that's life."

It was plain that Gary was set on showing up well today, because there was a reckless hell-for-leather determination about the way he plowed into Ed Gruber, upsetting him and racing on around behind the cage.

Johnny Slocum was in goalie pads in front of the strings, and now, as Gary came zipping around for a slam-bang try, he caught Johnny flat-footed with a waist-high shot that

scored a counter. Johnny just grinned and shook his head to let everybody know Gary was too good for him.

"That dumb cluck," the Old Man grunted. "Can't he stop a puck?"

"He's not meant to be a goalie, Mr. Burton," said Ricky. "He played defense in college."

The Old Man grunted something negative and turned away without answering her directly.

Out on the ice Ed Gruber skated slowly back to position, trying to hide the fact Gary had given him a bad spill. At thirty-nine you don't bounce so well. But I could see Gary Dane grinning at Ed, and I knew that he'd try another rush down that same side—Gary wasn't likely to think of anything except looking good himself.

At the face-off, Slew grabbed the puck, passed to Bud, who took it behind the blue line and then teamed up in a three-man rush. Gary got the pass-out at mid-ice, and tore full tilt into Ed Gruber, who went down. This time they had to help him off the ice. Practice stopped.

"We can't spare a defense man, either," the Old Man grumbled.

He didn't use his stick. He came up with a hard left on the point of Gary's chin.



Ricky said quickly, "Then why don't you let Johnny Slocum play that spot, Mr. Burton, until Ed Gruber comes back?"

I could see the Old Man hesitate; but Ricky had been right so many times about things like that that he finally shrugged away all responsibility. "He's on the skids anyway, so he might as well try."

He banged on the boards and called Johnny over and gave him his instructions. Johnny looked puzzled as he went below to take off his pads, but he warmed to Ricky's smile of encouragement.

When Johnny came back up to take his place on the second-string defense, Gary Dane looked sharply at the Old Man, then gripped his stick a little tighter and got set for the toss-in. As usual, he was the one who started the rush down the right boards straight at the spot where Johnny waited, sort of apologetically, to handle the defense.

Gary was streaking down along the boards, ragging the puck along. Johnny waited, and just at the last minute he moved—not toward the boards where Gary had feinted the puck, but out to stop his pal. Gary had slammed the rubber against the boards and was counting on a fancy cut-around to fox Johnny out of position. But Johnny didn't faze. Instead, he jammed in hard and pinned Gary against the boards.

"Creepers!" I said to the Old Man. "Did you see that stop? The kid's good!"

Burton wasn't too excited. "He

guessed right, for once. Wait and see what happens the next time."

Ricky, I noticed, was sitting forward on the edge of her seat, her eyes shining. Gary skated back to position, and he wasn't smiling now. He threw a funny look in our direction and then bent over his stick for the face-off.

Again Johnny Slocum jammed Gary Dane into the boards and held on for dear life. And Gary jerked his stick loose, with an ugly look about his mouth.

"What's wrong?" I heard the Old Man roar beside us. "You going to let a rookie bust up all your plays? Let's see that play again!"

This time, just at the last instant, Gary passed the rubber to Slew Donichy and kept on going at Johnny. But Johnny wasn't there any more—he was swarming all over Slew Donichy and the play was busted up.

The Old Man told the first string what he thought of them. Gary Dane glowered sullenly. But Johnny Slocum listened patiently and then said:

"It's not Gary's fault, Mr. Burton—you see, I played against him all during college. I can sort of guess which way he's going to play it."

The Old Man was too dumfounded to do more than stare. Ricky, beside me, gave an exasperated sigh.

Gary Dane's handsome face wasn't nice to see. He said, "Let's try that combination again. I don't think it'll work this time."

The Old Man nodded curtly, and the two teams skated off to position. Pretty soon that first line started down the ice again. Gary tore into Johnny at top speed, and they both went down in a tangle of razor-edged skates and sticks. Johnny clambered groggily to his feet and looked around for his stick, which was still skidding down the ice. That had been some check!

Beside me, the Old Man breathed, "Good Lord!" And I heard Ricky take a sharp quick breath.

Across the ice, Gary Dane had managed to get to his knees, one hand gripping the rail. Now, all at once, his knees buckled under him and he half slid down the boards, with an apologetic smile, and fell on the ice!

"Get a doctor," the Old Man snapped. But Ricky was already across the barrier and running and sliding across the ice. By the time we got there she had Gary's head in her lap. There was a nasty bump on the side of his jaw. Gary moaned.

"Grab hold of him and take him up to the office," said the Old Man. "It may be concussion."

Johnny Slocum, still groggy from that collision, said, "But I didn't check him hard—we've hit a lot harder than that in a college game!"

The Old Man shot him an ugly look. "You've done enough damage for one afternoon. Go get into your clothes."

HALF an hour later Ricky and I were still waiting outside the Old Man's office. Johnny was there too, with a curious shocked look on his

face, as if he couldn't believe he'd put his pal there inside with a doctor and the Old Man bending over him.

Ricky said, "It might have happened to any one. Don't let what Mr. Burton said upset you, Johnny. He wasn't himself when he said it."

And then the doctor came out. He was frowning thoughtfully.

"Just shock and a nasty blow on the jaw," he said. "Give him twenty-four hours' rest and he'll be fit as a fiddle. You can't kill a hockey player that easy."

He left. But the Old Man still stood there in the corridor, looking at Johnny Slocum. His eyes were a frosty blue and, as is the case with him when he's mad, he talked in a very low clipped voice:

"When you weren't sure you were going to be able to keep on stopping Gary, you gave him the butt of your stick. That, in a practice session, is about the dirtiest hockey I've ever seen!"

A DULL flush crept up his neck into Johnny's face.

"Did Gary say that I gave him the stick?" he asked in a strained voice.

"He did—after I managed to get it out of him. A player doesn't take a body check and then go groggy unless there's a reason," the Old Man said harshly.

Johnny had gone white and he was staring at the office door, where Gary Dane stood with a robe drawn about his shoulders shawl fashion. There was a blue lump on the side of his jaw.

Johnny turned to the Old Man and said in a funny cracked voice, "I'd like you to give me my unconditional release from the club, Mr. Burton—I'm quitting."

"You're released," the Old Man said. "Frankly, I don't believe your type of player belongs in hockey!"

Johnny looked at Ricky with his heart in his eyes, then turned and walked unsteadily away down the corridor.

Gary Dane's eyes flickered. He put a hand to his jaw. "I—I shouldn't have mentioned the stick at all, Mr. Burton—if I hadn't been sort of groggy."

Ricky, who all this time had been standing beside me staring hard at Gary Dane, gave a sudden little explosive breath. She started away, walking faster and faster. . . .

It was later that evening, in my room at the hotel, that Ricky came to see me. She didn't waste any time on preliminaries, either, but came in, stripping off her gloves, and whirled on me.

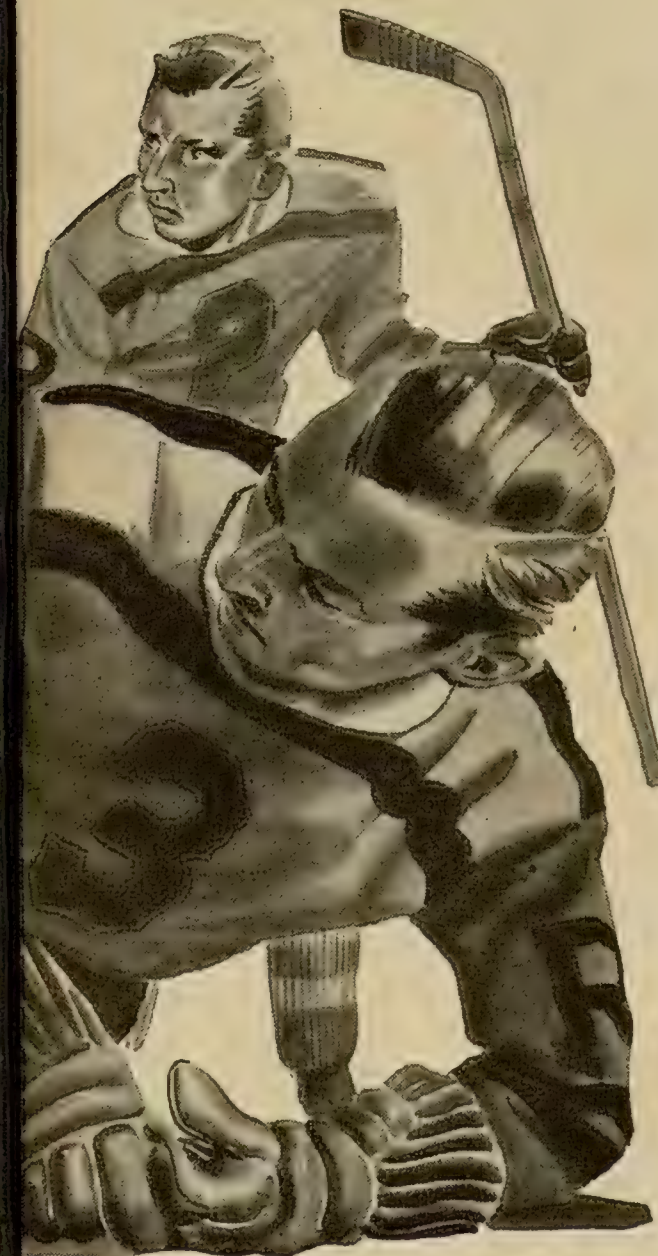
"Bill," she said, "I saw that body check, and I'll swear Johnny's stick didn't so much as reach Gary's chin!"

"The Old Man doesn't think so," I reminded her.

"Darn it," Ricky stormed at me, "are you going to fire the best defense man the Redshirts ever had?"

"Look here. Are you carrying the torch for Gary or Johnny?"

Ricky's lips trembled and she



looked down. "Johnny doesn't know I'm alive," she said bitterly. "He's already packing his bag to go home. Are you going to stop him or not?"

I shook my head. "The Old Man gave him his unconditional release. There's nothing I can do now."

At the door Ricky turned, her Irish temper flaring.

"And I used to think you knew how to pick them!"

Later, just to check and make sure in case I was wrong, I called the Old Man on the telephone. Gary Dane, he told me, was in the infirmary for a couple of days. On his orders.

"We can't afford to take a chance on losing a valuable player for the rest of the season," he ended.

I hesitated. "It couldn't be that he struck his chin on the ice, could it?" I asked. "Ricky says—"

"Ricky!" the Old Man exploded. "If it wasn't for her we wouldn't have had this blow-up. After this I run this club the way I see fit!"

So that was that. I hung up and went to bed. But that wasn't the end of Johnny Slocum. The very next afternoon I got the news, via grapevine, that he'd been signed by our rivals, the Hornets—Dad Garner, the old fox, had somehow got wind of his release and grabbed him off!

"Did you hear the news?" I asked Ricky, barging into the office. "The Hornets have picked up your boy friend Johnny Slocum!"

Ricky stopped typing. There was an icy politeness about her that would have frozen water.

"I hope he makes good with Dad Garner, and I hope I'll be there to see him play with the Hornets when they take the championship away from you!"

Then all at once her blue eyes softened and the fight went out of her.

"Oh, Bill," she said, "Johnny's got to make good! If he doesn't learn to strike out on his own now he'll never learn. Go around and watch the Hornets' workout some day, will you? Tell him I wish him luck!"

PARTLY because I was curious and partly because I wanted to deliver Ricky's message, I managed to drop in to watch the Hornets' practice session that next week. Being in the same city, I could do this—it's also one reason why we're such bitter rivals.

"Glad to see you, Bill," said Dad Garner, smiling at me with milk-blue eyes. "I suppose you came over to see Johnny Slocum play?"

I brazened it out. "That's right. Not having seen him play, I wondered why you snapped him up when we released him."

Dad Garner looked wise. "I was advised by some one who ought to know that he'd fit into our back line handily. Naturally, if I can show Burton he doesn't know how to pick 'em, I'd like to do it."

Dad Garner was smiling faintly as we went down below to watch the practice session. The Hornets have a seasoned back line of older players,

like Bat Morrison on defense and Happy Lawrence in the nets. The front line is young and scrappy. Just before they lined up for a game between the first- and second-string players, I saw Happy talking to Johnny like a Dutch uncle.

Johnny was playing on defense, and three times in that practice session he nailed the first-string wing to break up the play. I was waiting for him at the exit as he came skating off the ice, looking done in but proud.

"Nice work, Johnny," I said. "You were hot today."

Johnny stared at me in surprise. "Oh, hello, Bill," he said. Then, "No; I couldn't have picked up those plays if it hadn't been for Happy, here. He told me which way to check."

"Your boss made a mistake when he let this rookie get away, Stevens," said Happy. "He's big-league stuff."

"Wait," I told Johnny, when he would have moved on. "I have a message for you—from Ricky. She says she wishes you luck!"

Johnny's homely face grew set, his lips whitened. "How's Gary getting along?" he countered.

"All right," I said. "Fit as a fiddle now."

"That's fine," said Johnny, and went clumping off.

You probably remember that season, which skyrocketed the Hornets into the leading position in the minor league and left them to battle it out with the Redshirts for the championship.

Just before the game I ran into Ricky. She'd just come in out of the cold and her cheeks were flushed, her blue eyes sparkling. As it happened, Gary Dane was coming out of the Old Man's office at the same time.

"Well, sweetheart," he grinned at Ricky, "tonight I shine—Jim Busby of the Raiders is going to be at the game. Next year it'll be big league for me."

"Grand," Ricky said dryly.

Gary flushed a little. It was plain that he counted on making big-time hockey—and taking Ricky along with him. He said, "What's the matter? Don't you want the Redshirts to win?"

"Of course I want the best team to win, Gary," she said, and she might as well have added, "And the best man, too!"

BUT I was worried about other things, too. For, while Gary Dane had played one or two outstanding games at the beginning of the season, he hadn't proved to be any whirlwind. If Jim Busby didn't like him, turned thumbs down on him, it left me way out on the limb as a scout. They don't pay you scout's wages just to give you free trips around the country. So I was just as tense as the Old Man himself while we watched the two teams prepare for the face-off.

The Redshirts were starting their best men, using Ed Gruber on defense and Gary Dane in the front line. Dad Garner, on the other hand, was sending out his old-timers.

"Isn't that the rookie you released?" asked Jim Busby, slouching broad shoulders between us. He pointed at Johnny. The Old Man nodded, snorted.

"You'll notice Garner's keeping him on the bench," he said.

Ricky, sitting beside me, flushed.

In the first period, Gary Dane rammed home the counter to put us in the lead. The fans gave him a big hand and he took it with a grin. He threw a look at Jim Busby, I noticed; but Jim was slouched down in his seat with an enigmatic look on his face.

IT was at the beginning of the second period that Dad Garner sent Johnny Slocum in. And for the first time Gary Dane was playing against his pal!

"Now, Jim," I heard the Old Man say, "you'll see why I let Slocum go."

Jim Busby didn't answer, but leaned forward intently. I looked down at Ricky and saw her hands clenched in her lap.

The first rush took Slew Donichy, Gary Dane, and Bud Tremaine down the ice in a three-man razzle-dazzle play. Happy Lawrence, in the Hornets' cage, shouted something at Johnny, and Johnny went for Slew Donichy. The body check was low and sent Slew flying over his back onto the ice. A Hornet wing grabbed the rubber and the play went sour.

"That's stopping them," I heard Jim Busby grunt.

"Wait—he hasn't met Dane yet," said the Old Man.

The Hornets were trying like mad to push in the eveners now. Gary Dane got the puck and the Redshirts started a powerhouse attack—a five-man rush. Gary came ripping along the boards down Johnny's spot. At the last instant he feinted the stick to the right, flipped the puck to the left, and took Johnny's check going full tilt. This time it was Johnny who spun into the boards and ended up sitting on the ice!

Gary had regained his balance and spun around, landed full tilt into the thick of the fray. He grabbed the puck on a poke check as a Hornet wing grabbed it, fumbled. In the same instant Gary drove the biscuit at Happy Lawrence, to turn on the red light a second time that night!

I felt a funny feeling in the pit of my stomach myself. It certainly looked as if Johnny had turned yellow under Gary Dane's rush. I hated to look at Ricky, but I stole a glance and saw a frown knifing her blue eyes.

Jim Busby murmured, "That's funny—he didn't even try."

The Old Man said contemptuously, "He gave Dane the stick in a practice game. He's afraid to take his medicine now."

I covered one of Ricky's hands with mine, found it cold as ice.

Now Johnny was folding up every time Gary Dane came tearing down his side of the ice. Finally Dad Garner took him out. Gary Dane grinned.

"It's in the bag," I heard the Old Man grunt. "There's your rookie for

next year, Jim—Dane's a real find!"

I saw Jim Busby steal a glance at Ricky's white drawn face—she was looking at the Hornet bench and not at the game going on on the ice.

Gary Dane teamed up with Ed Gruber and two other Redshirts in a four-man rush down at the Hornets' cage. Ed missed the pass-out and the Hornet defense scrambled for it. But Gary ducked in, grabbed the rubber off the boards, and whammed a long try at the goalie. The old veteran threw a white scared look at the bench where Jim Busby sat.

All at once it hit me between the eyes what Gary was doing—he was feeding Ed those passes off line so as to make Ed look bad and himself look better! Now, those things can happen once in a hockey game by accident. But they don't happen twice unless you're gunning for another player or are glory-crazy!

Once again, before the second period ended, Ed Gruber missed a pass, and once again Gary picked it up and drew a big hand from the galleries. I saw Johnny standing up in the Hornets' bench and watching with a funny look on his face. Just as the period ended, I saw him talking with Dad Garner.

The fans were going nuts over Gary Dane.

"I'm going, Bill," said Ricky. "I've been such a fool!"

"Wait," I said, dragging her down again.

THAT third period, the Old Man started Gary right off when he saw Dad Garner had put Johnny back into the game. Thirty-two seconds after the bell Gary and Slew and Bud tried a three-man rush down the right boards—right at the spot where Johnny waited. I saw him dig in his skates while Gary started the old S cut-around. This time they came together with a crash, and this time it was Gary who went slamming into the boards!

Ricky grabbed my arm wildly. "He stopped him, Bill—he stopped him!"

I watched a Hornet wing, grabbing the puck Johnny had jarred loose, slam in the counter.

2—1!

Right then the Redshirts and the Hornets started the scrappiest rough-and-tumble hockey game I ever saw in any minor-league fracas. Gary Dane & Company turned on the heat, but the Hornets didn't budge. Twice the play called for Gary to make a try down the right boards, and twice Johnny was there to stop him with a body check you could hear go *smack!* clear up to the galleries. The fans weather-vaned around and began to boo Gary!

Gary got up off the ice and shot Johnny a look of hate mingled with fear. Johnny didn't look at him. Happy Lawrence, in the Hornet nets, was yelling instructions at Johnny. But he didn't need yelling at—he was stopping every play that came down his side, and Gary was getting sorer by the minute. With about sixty sec-

onds left to play, the Hornets tied it. 2—2!

The Old Man was raging as he sent Gary back after a brief rest. "What's the matter, Dane?" he yelled. "Can't you get through that pal of yours?"

Gary wiped the drops of sweat off his forehead as he looked first at Jim Busby and then up at the galleries. They'd started cheering now for Johnny. Something not pleasant to see came into Gary's eyes.

One minute left to play!

The Redshirts had the puck, and Slew was skating around behind his own cage while the rest of the crew lined up. I got to my feet along with everybody else in the place. It was going to be a power rush, with five



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men taking the rubber down the ice!

Slew flipped the puck to Bud, and it went to Gary as they crossed their blue line. Gary gathered speed at a gallop, heading straight down at Johnny on the right boards. The stands were going wild!

Ricky's hand gripped my arm. "Watch, Bill!"

Johnny got set, grabbing his stick low. Gary feinted, and Johnny moved to meet him. For a minute I thought sure Gary would try and blast his way through. But then, just at the last second, he flipped the puck to Bud and—*kept on going straight at Johnny!*

They came together with a crash, and I saw Gary's stick handle come up under Johnny's jaw. Skates and sticks tangling, they slid across the ice. The ref's whistle was shrilling somewhere. Johnny got up on wobbly ankles, trying to grin as he shook off a helping hand.

"I'm O. K.," he told the ref. "I just hit the ice."

Beside me, Ricky whispered, "Look at Gary!"

Sure enough, Gary was still trying to get up. He managed to get to the top of the boards, and then he collapsed with a pitiful smile to show he couldn't make it. The stands groaned. But just then Ed Gruber, skating up, called his trick.

"You got to do better than that, pal," he said in a voice that carried clean across the ice. "You pulled that old chestnut once too often—Johnny's the boy who got the stick on *that* play!"

Somebody snickered, and that did it. Gary's face reddened, and he came up off the ice fighting mad. He swung his stick at the veteran who had called his bluff, and the stick caught Ed Gruber along the head. Ed went down, and then Johnny was in there, swing-

ing. He didn't use his stick. He used his fists. He ducked, once, as Gary's stick whistled viciously over his head, then came up with a hard left flush on the point of Gary's hand—some chin.

This time there wasn't any doubt about Gary's being out cold when he hit the ice. Johnny licked the bruised skin on his knuckles and looked around for his stick. I noticed that the ushers had to help Gary off the ice—not a single Redshirt made a move to help him!

"Dane had that coming," I heard the Old Man say. "I owe Johnny Slocum an apology—in his own dressing room."

"Sit down," Jim Busby chuckled. "There's thirty seconds left to play. We could lose this game, you know."

The ref gave the Redshirts the penalty because Gary had started the fight. The Hornets swarmed all over the weakened enemy and, with seconds left to play, managed to ram in the counter that broke it.

Hornets 3—Redshirts 2!

Jim Busby yelled in my ear above the uproar, just before I started below: "If you see Garner, you might see if you can't buy young Slocum back. I'll pay up to ten thousand for his contract. I had a tip he was big-league stuff—now I know!"

Ricky, clinging to my arm, begged, "Let me go too, Bill!"

Halfway down the corridor I stopped and swung Ricky about to face me.

"You told Garner about Johnny's release," I accused. "Do you realize you probably cost the club five or ten grand by that smart move, just to prove to the Old Man that he was wrong?"

Ricky's eyes were dancing. "Mr. Burton wouldn't believe me when I tried to tell him that Gary had faked that stick-in-the-jaw business during practice. Tonight he had a chance to see for himself," she said. "And by the way, I'm going to recommend he keep Ed Gruber on another year—he's the only one who had the nerve to call Gary's bluff!"

I just smiled at Ricky gently. "So Johnny really covered up for Gary that day because he figured his pal was in love with you!" I said. "And that's why he started out tonight trying to make Gary look good—until Gary began to give Ed Gruber the works!"

Tears swam in Ricky's eyes, and she nodded. "Isn't he a sap?" she asked, and laughed.

"Come on," I said grimly. "If that fool kid doesn't have the gumption to ask you to marry him now, I'll do it for him!"

But I needn't have worried. One look at Ricky's happy face, and Johnny Slocum took her in his arms and kissed her, right there in the corridor before a whole squad of grinning Hornets. And before the Old Man, too.

That, appropriately, was Mr. Johnny Alden's exit.

THE END

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENTS

BY STEPHEN T. EARLY

Secretary to the President

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN the august Supreme Court of the United States—late citadel of conservative procedure and indifference to publicity—decided to employ a press liaison officer, the wheel had turned full circle.

One by one, the executive departments of the government had succumbed to the necessity of modern public relations even before the creation, under the New Deal, of the emergency offices variously known as the alphabetical agencies — NRA, FERA, NLRB, RFC, and the rest.

The change of heart in the Supreme Court—amounting, as a matter of fact, to as complete a reversal of itself as it ever decreed—came only after the highest court of the land moved into the great new Corinthian temple which stands beside the Library of Congress and faces the Capitol on its east front. When this change of habitat was made by the court, it possessed, for the first time in its history, its own separate home, and once in its own domicile, it took the next logical step of bringing itself into line with modern publicity method and procedure.

The thirty years or so which culminated with the surrender of the Supreme Court to the demands of modern procedure, namely, modern publicity methods, have witnessed many changes. Among these changes is a general humanizing of relations between government officials and the press. Perhaps it would be better described as a humanizing of government officials themselves.

At any rate, one does not now encounter "No Admittance" signs on key offices throughout the executive departments, as was the case when this writer was a cub. Those were the days when a bureau chief caught talking to a reporter was threatened with dismissal.

An old press association reporter who used to keep the dogwatch on Washington was assigned by the head of the desk to ask a question of the Chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy Department. A shift in battleships had been ordered, and the reporter in question presented himself at 2 A. M. at the residence of a crusty admiral.

The reporter rang the admiral's doorbell vigorously. An upper bed-

room window was thrown up with a bang that reflected the feeling of the rudely awakened naval chief.

The admiral: "Who the blankety-blank is that?"

"Mr. 'Jones,' sir, of the 'Post Examiner.'"

But the conversation got no further.

The admiral has been in Arlington Cemetery for a quarter of a century. The reporter, too, was long since gathered to his fathers. There is not in the navy today a flag officer who would return an arbitrary answer to a question prompted by the interest of the humblest citizen.

Through all its previous history there were virtually no facilities for the press around the old Supreme Court chambers in the Capitol Building. Three press associations and two financial ticker services had seats below the bench. Their representatives listened to the reading of opinions, wrote stories in the courtroom, called a page and through the page sent copy to a boy waiting outside, who took it to the wire. There was one long bench, accommodating about ten persons, reserved for other newsmen. No copy of an opinion was available until some time after reading, and then usually but one copy for the use of all newspapermen who crowded in the clerk's office.

About 1928, representatives of the press associations, of whom William S. Neal of the International News Service was one, asked Chief Justice Taft if copies of opinions could not be delivered to them in the courtroom after a justice had finished reading. This was done.

When the new court building was under construction there was more room than needed, but no provision had been made for the press. Newspapermen went to the marshal, then Frank Green, and he interceded. Two rooms were set aside on the basement floor for the press. Then pneumatic tubes leading from the other rooms down to the telephone booths were made available to the newsmen. In 1936 Byron Price, chief correspondent of the Associated Press, went to Chief Justice Hughes, after Mr. Hughes had in private conversation remarked about some widely known mistakes in stories, and suggested that if opinions were made available



The President chats with Washington correspondents at one of his biweekly press conferences.

when justices began to read them, inaccuracies would be avoided. The Chief Justice recognized the reasonableness of this position and another innovation was made.

Previous to the change just mentioned, the question arose as to how newspapermen, located in press rooms in the basement, could get service on opinion days, the clerk's office and the courtroom being located on the main floor. This was in the fall of 1935. A self-constituted committee, headed by Pete Brandt of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, went to see the Chief Justice and requested that a press or information officer be assigned by the court to the newspapermen. Chief Justice Hughes consulted the clerk, who could not find a fund to permit employment of a well known newspaperman whose name was suggested. Moreover, the clerk reported that associate justices were fearful of having it said that the court had a publicity man. The chief fear in the minds of the associate justices was that the man named might attempt to interpret opinions, etc., and



Stephen Early, the President's secretary, is liaison officer between press and White House.



that newspapermen might quote "a spokesman for the court" or "an attaché of the court," etc.

But after much deliberation the clerk of the court found that he could assign an assistant clerk to the press room. Accordingly he assigned Nelson Potter, who still holds the place.

In the beginning the august justices paid no attention to the office. Potter, being an assistant clerk and knowing the men who occupied the places on the bench, was very circumspect, confining himself strictly to the duties of an information officer. Then he began to offer his services occasionally wherever he thought he could be useful. As a result, the court began slowly to utilize his services. For example, when one of the justices would fall ill, Potter would act as a clearinghouse for information concerning the illness. On a few occasions when the court had something to say, he imparted the information. Now his work is thoroughly organized. He keeps a record of cases filed, hands out copies of opinions to newspapermen, and also

frequently aids members of Congress who call about some case. He can properly be described as a press liaison officer or assistant clerk in charge of public information.

The court now respects the duties of the press liaison officer as of sufficient importance to warrant the continuance of the position. And best evidence of the character of the work performed is the fact that the incumbent—the first to hold the post—has received a raise in salary.

Relations between the President and members of the press have undergone many changes in the past thirty years.

The present administration now for almost seven years has adhered strictly to the press policy put into effect on March 4, 1933. That, in brief, is that any accredited Washington correspondent may, in the President's biweekly press conferences, ask any question which newspaper interest or curiosity prompts. These press conferences are held Tuesday afternoons at four and Friday mornings at ten thirty, and are attended on an average by one hundred and fifty correspondents. Probably the highest attendance, prompted by some extraordinary development of news interest, has been around three hundred and fifty.

The correspondents eligible for admission to the Capitol press galleries or who meet the requirements of membership in the White House Correspondents Association may attend. There are no rules covering the asking of questions except the observance of the amenities which ordinarily obtain among gentlemen.

The Press Secretary meets the correspondents every morning and is available twenty-four hours each day to deal with questions of newspaper-reader interest. No attempt has been made to write a newspaper story in the office of the Press Secretary during the term of the present incumbent, nor will any such story be written during his term of office.

The method followed is to make public, on a strictly factual basis, such material as messages to the Congress; other documentary material, including such texts as may be helpful to the press in the gathering and dissemination of information for newspaper readers. The few formal statements which the President issues are brief and to the point. The entire effort is concentrated upon making the facts available. To the newspaper correspondents themselves is left the interpretation of White House news as it develops day by day.

In answering the questions put to him by the correspondents, the President talks with the utmost freedom. His replies may be quoted when he gives specific permission to state his exact words. Otherwise, his answers may be used in the third person. Certain background information is for the guidance of news writers but is not for attribution. "Off the record" material is in the category which the words imply.

The newspaper writers whose experience has included White House work in many previous administrations are unanimous in their preference for the current method. Some of them remember Theodore Roosevelt's system of sending up trial balloons through the press. If the public approved, well and good. If disapproval was registered, the whole

A White House insider takes you behind the scenes of today's new deal for the gentlemen of the press

thing was forgotten — unless, perchance, the hapless writer found himself elected to membership in the Ananias Club.

Mr. Wilson, for the first year or so, held regular conferences with the newspaper correspondents. These, however, were greatly circumscribed by the outbreak of the World War in 1914 and afterward were suspended entirely.

Then under President Harding there grew up the fiction of the "White House spokesman." This fictitious character was originated by the newspapermen themselves to break down in a measure the anonymity of the authority for answers given at the press conferences. This subterfuge of the "White House spokesman" held over into the Coolidge and Hoover administrations. It fooled nobody and satisfied nobody, and has received only slight recognition from the present administration.

Perhaps the least satisfactory method (I am being guided by press opinion) was the method employed in the Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover administrations whereby written questions had to be submitted in advance by members of the press. The Presidents either answered these questions or ignored them.

To meet the demands for information by the public concerning the operation of the federal government, the press associations have increased their personnel. For instance, thirty years ago one of the press associations listed nine reporters as eligible to admission to the press galleries of the Senate and the House of Representatives. Today that same press association lists eighty. There has been a similar increase in numbers among the special correspondents. Likewise, the "columnists" have developed a field all their own in dealing with the Washington scene.

WHEN President Taft made his famous swing around the circle following the adjournment of the special session of the Congress which enacted the Payne-Aldrich Tariff Act in 1909, he covered thirty states and the two then Southwestern Territories of New Mexico and Arizona. The journey included, at El Paso, an event of such widespread interest as a meeting—probably the first in history—between the President of Mexico and the President of the United States. Yet six reporters were considered sufficient to cover the developments of this trip, which lasted two months.

When President Roosevelt crossed the country in the summer of 1938 to board the U.S.S. Houston at San Diego, California, for a cruise in Pacific waters, he was accompanied by twenty-seven newspapermen and nine picture men, including men with equipment to make still or motion pictures with sound recordings. The broadcasting chains were represented by a corps of six men.

At a time when the totalitarian

states have muzzled the press both in peace and war so completely that in many countries a free press is a fast fading memory, it is interesting to mention the relationship of the federal government to news gathering in the nation's capital. There is in reality but one official bond—and that is for the protection of the integrity of the news itself. It consists of the rules governing the press galleries of the Capitol.

These rules are approved by the Speaker of the House and the Committee on Rules of the Senate and are administered by the Standing Committee of Correspondents. Their main purpose is to protect the press galleries from the presence of lobbyists and business tipsters posing as newspapermen.

THERE is one institution unique in Washington and without a parallel in the world. That's the famous Gridiron Club, the newspapermen's dining club. It gives two dinners a year, lampooning the President and his policies, the Cabinet and Congress. No heads are too tall to escape the brickbats. Gridiron dinners are part and parcel of the American democratic scene. They prove that there is no censorship or other interferences with freedom of the news.

Perhaps the President's own convictions respecting the freedom of the press were never more concisely stated than in the address he delivered before a joint session of the Senate and House held on March 4, 1939, to celebrate the sesquicentennial of Congress.

"Freedom of the press," said the President, "—I take it that no sensible man or woman believes that it has been curtailed or threatened or that it should be. The influence of the printed word will always depend on its veracity, and the nation can safely rely on the wise discrimination of a reading public which with the increase in the general education is able to sort truth from fiction. Representative democracy will never tolerate suppression of true news at the behest of government."

The Post Office Department was one of the first executive departments to recognize the need of practical assistance to the press in the dissemination of public information, and to acquire a publicity assistant.

With our entry into the World War, there was centered in Washington such a multitude of governmental activities that the organization of the Committee on Public Information, under the capable direction of Mr. George Creel, was inevitable.

Even before our entry into the World War, when Washington was absorbed in the rapidly changing phases of the Mexican situation, the War Department added a press liaison officer to its staff. The result was speedier and more accurate news from the War Department.

From this it was a natural step for the Department of State to fall in line with the establishment of a De-

partment of Current Information. Thus was evolved, slowly at first, the system of public information with which the present-day Washington correspondent is familiar.

The business of public relations men in government offices is merely to make it possible for the people back home—the taxpayers, if you will—to find out what their government is doing. As examples, take the Public Works Administration (PWA) and the Works Projects Administration (WPA). Both have, as part of the recovery program, allotted enormous sums of money for expenditure on public works or relief projects.

To answer questions as to where, when, and for what these moneys have been expended is part of the duties of these public relations men. It would not have been possible to answer these questions without help from the trained newspapermen from whose ranks, for the most part, the government's press information service has been recruited.

After all, democratic government is, in the last analysis, government by public opinion, and only an informed public opinion can govern efficiently.

Should the Supreme Court ever seek justification of its course in adopting modern procedure, it will find ancient as well as learned precedent. George Washington knew the value of publicity and enlisted in the cause of independence the services of an incomparable newspaperman—Benjamin Franklin. Every President from Washington to the present incumbent has employed newspapermen in government.

IN the present conflict which the world witnesses, our own course is clear. We must uphold, defend, and perpetuate our great heritage of liberties. Not the least of these is freedom of the press. A free press, to function in a democracy, must be an informed press. In all this the man who helps to answer questions about government brings government that much nearer to the source of all power—the people themselves. Incidentally, he works to the attainment of truth.

As one who has worked with and for the press as the wheel has turned these thirty years—as one who has intimately known the President for more than a quarter of a century—the writer is firm in his conviction that the press as a whole can shake off any fear of censorship, regulation, impaired freedom, or other form of government control, so long as Franklin D. Roosevelt is the Chief Executive of these United States.

The writer cheerfully asserts his deep-rooted belief that the government, now for nearly seven years, has really opened its doors to the press and, through the press, to the people of the country. I am certain no succeeding administration—Democratic, Republican, or what not—will dare close them.

THE END

IT'S **NOT** AS BAD AS THIS!

BY MARIA LEONARD

Dean of Women, University of Illinois

READING TIME • 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

EACH one of us interprets life and people as we have had experience with them. Too many generalities are given out as truths when in reality they are but reflections of the meager experiences of one individual, and these often tinged with bitter prejudices.

Because one person or several have seemingly failed in their efforts to get a fine response from youth is poor reason for condemning and maligning all co-eds in general and sorority girls in particular. I am referring to the article, *Is It as Bad as This?* in the December 2, 1939, issue of *Liberty*, with the connotation in heavy black print, "Every word of this revelation is *true*. Every American parent should read it."

Youth is interpreted variously by friends, pseudo-friends, and critics today, as it has been for centuries. One who sees youth only through a sharply critical eye is one who least understands young people and, I should say, is the last person who should try to interpret them to the public at large.

First, I would like to register a sincere contempt for the author of any anonymous article. Anybody can hit from ambush. Youth needs methods in open sunlight. Youth responds to frankness and fair play, and correspondingly stands with stubborn feet, even in its consciousness of doing wrong, when handled by clumsy ignorance.

No one, just because he is over thirty and can boast of a university degree, is qualified or entitled to work with youth. This qualification—this talent—is heaven-born and can seldom if ever be acquired, at least to the highest degree, by training alone.

The author of the article in question makes the following statements: "A day or two ago I was informed by our chaperon of an incident which had occurred the night before. She didn't want to be advised what to do

IS IT AS BAD AS THIS?

A SORORITY SPONSOR TALKS
ABOUT COLLEGE GIRLS' MORALS

READING TIME • 8 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

"I'm no scandalized old biddy clucking at the high jinks of the young. Red-blooded young folk are normally rebellious and venturesome. I can find no cause for alarm or indignation in the knowledge that lads and lassies will acquaint themselves with the facts of life. To the best of my information, they always have, and without the disastrous consequences perennially prophesied.

But when I see, as I think I do, an emerging point of view entirely different from that of recent generations, I feel there is a matter worth looking into.

Last fall I inherited the job of alumnae adviser to the local chapter of my sorority—fifty to sixty girls, seventeen to twenty-two years old, under one roof. I was interested in the work and felt that I was at least fairly well qualified for it. I was not so terribly long out of school myself. As a student and afterward as a faculty wife, I had been almost constantly associated with college life for twelve years, in four schools. Altogether, I assumed that I had a pretty accurate idea of just what student attitudes in general were.

That was a year ago.

Today—well, after a year of intimate contact with these girls, a year of well-nigh incessant haranguing, cajoling, pleading, reasoning, applying, threatening, and advising—all quite, quite futile—I confess that I am utterly at sea as to what are the real aims, the philosophy if you will, by which they govern their lives; even as to whether they have any such philosophy. Of what they do, I have been almost continuously aware. But of the purpose behind it? I have formed and discarded one explanation after another, finally to come to the conclusion that they've simply abandoned, lock, stock, and barrel, the whole moral code that governed my generation of coeds and college boys less than a decade ago. But what—if anything—they have set up in its stead, I am not certain.

Let me repeat that I'm trying merely to point out a state of change, a new attitude, one which strikes me as significant. It is not a particularly sudden change; it has been going on for a number of years, I'm sure. As I look back today, I can see in various incidents perfectly clear indications of it—incidents which at the time I thought spectacular exceptions. For example:

A few years ago, in one of the largest and "best" sororities on the campus of a neighboring state university, the chaperon surprised one of the most popular girls in the chapter on the kitchen table with her boy friend *flagrante delicto*. The upshot of this discovery

Every word of this revelation is true.
Every American parent should read it

DECEMBER 2, 1939



Some of them, with their escorts, added their mite to the gaiety of things by getting drunk in a jelly joint.

The much-discussed article in *Liberty*, by a sorority chapter's adviser, to which Dean Leonard is replying.

Here's the other side—An eminent educator speaks up challengingly for the college girl

about it—she really meant to do nothing. She merely thought I ought or might be interested to know what was going on. Just part of her routine duties, since it was in fact but another incident. . . . Returning at about ten thirty from a university concert, she found the house in total darkness, the doors locked. When at last she got in through a window, she discovered that . . . the fuses had been removed . . . ten or twenty girls entertaining their young men in the parlors and the bedrooms," etc.

I can assure the author that it would be an exceptional campus which would consider this indecency a mere "incident," for it is the business of

adult leaders of college youth—the university administration, the alumnae, and the chaperon—to see that the finest young student men and women of sterling character and ideals are in the saddle governing conduct not only of student houses but for the campus life in general. It is their job to help create a public opinion which proves a stronger deterrent to evil than sharp criticism.

No national executive council of National Panhellenic Council with which I have had to deal for sixteen years—and I believe I have had intimate dealings with most all of them—would stand for any one of the sorority's chapters so degrading its

national ideals. The charter of a chapter like this one would be recalled if the national council had been appealed to for help. A chapter so far negligent has not become that way overnight. It is the result of an accumulation of mismanagements, I should say, on the part of those in charge administratively as well as of the students and alumnae.

The author of the article simply does not know how to hold the responsible position of alumna sponsor. I would be ready to say that the first reason why she failed was because her methods were medieval and suspicious. Youth take even a reproof on the chin, when deserved, much more courageously than middle-agers. They respond to firmness, when administered with gentleness, much more willingly than to the "very stiff lecture" method applied by our anonymous author. To them this is just a challenge to outwit, as it proved in her case.

THE question arises why the sponsor and alumna group would continue to employ a chaperon who "didn't want to be advised" and would use such methods as climbing through a window. And because this sponsor and this chaperon failed so signally with this one chapter, the former generalizes that "neither is the kind of behavior I have outlined common only to a small group of sororities." What right has she to say that?

In a word, the spirit of that entire institution was wrong if, as the author says, any serious moral lapse was sure to be supported by the other students in her house and on that campus.

She flays youth cruelly because "theirs seems to be a philosophy: . . . Seize the pleasure or the advantage of the moment; let tomorrow look out for itself." Methinks the adult world is stung with that gadfly—and youth imitates, for that is how youth learns.

In fraternity life, as in education itself and every other experiment in living, human relations have gone through the trial-by-error method, much as democracy is doing now. Eventually, though the world looks black now, a "science of society," as Beatrice Webb calls it, will be born through a "social sensitiveness" and a learning to live together in a group, whether that group be a family, a sorority, a city, a nation, or a world! No better laboratories for youth can be found for the beginnings of this great human experiment than the sorority or fraternity homes in our colleges and universities.

In fraternity or sorority life there are six fine bulwarks which help to keep fine these college homes for succeeding generations of students:

First, the founders' inspiring ideals, reflected in the early history of all of the sororities. To know them is part of the early training of each sorority girl.

Second, I would name the national

councils with their national officers, earnest mature college women who inspect the chapters from time to time, assisting and making most practical suggestions to the dean and alumnae. To the women students themselves, these officers are continuously presenting the highest social and moral standards of individual and group living. Personally, I have received real help from these visiting officers, who have a bird's-eye view of most of the campuses and can readily tell the weak places in any one institution by comparison.

Third, the cultured, experienced, and carefully chosen chaperon, who from year to year passes on the fine traditions in the house to her constantly changing family of college girls. It is she who can most efficiently raise her group to its mental and cultural "expectancy."

Fourth, the local alumnae, who through their board of directors prove a stabilizing influence and a court of appeals when necessary.

Fifth, the dean of women, who is the friend of all college girls and can draw upon her accumulated experience from all groups in analyzing and solving a problem.

Last, and most important, I would name *group consciousness* as the paramount fundamental in the building of any organization. Strength to grow *must* come from within, rather than by hammer-and-tongs methods from without. No one can make youth fine and noble. The most any one can do is to make them want to be. Each chapter's standards committee of students is the secret. That small group becomes the motivating force of the whole chapter and transmits the admirable traditions.

EVIDENTLY this anonymous alumna sponsor was not very close to her girls or to her dean of women, who acts as counselor to all women's houses. Before besmearing a broad fine program such as the fraternity and sorority system, I wonder if, on second thought, she would not now deem it wiser to have consulted the dean of women, who is the authority on house management and student government, to ascertain where she herself might possibly be at fault in her handling of situations in her sorority house. Poor method this, the giving out of this overdrawn dramatic recital of the life of co-eds to the world as "a true revelation" and admonishing all American parents to read it! Publication of one's views, no matter how strongly held, is no excuse for besmirching the heritage of our fraternity or sorority system.

Educational institutions have not realized fully the potentiality of fraternity and sorority houses as part of their educational program. As a dean of women, I refuse to consider our sorority program in the light of *housing* only. These college homes can be centers of culture to help the active members create, raise, and maintain the intellectual and social standards of university living. A group either

moves up hill or down. Because a few groups fail to catch the vision is small reason for condemning all. The fraternity and sorority systems have made some mistakes, such as snobbery, mock initiation, excess social life, heavy budgeting, etc.; but these are disappearing, thanks to fine leadership of national councils.

Any one who has not envisioned what our sorority houses can and ought to and will mean, if under proper and understanding *leadership*, to the intellectual and cultural program of our colleges and universities, should in no way attempt to be a sponsor of any group of young people. A sympathetic alumna sponsor could and should bring her chapter's officers together in a weekly meeting by themselves and give them evidence of her faith and confidence in them as leaders of their group. This would make them realize that their part, as officers, is more that of responsibility than of mere authority. Within a month these ideals, if presented with a master touch, would permeate the household, and the young women themselves would take pride in their name and home.

Surely the national council would be the first to place on probation or to take away the charter of a group who lowered national ideals. If the national council failed, then it would become the duty of the institution's administration to step in.

The fault with this anonymous sponsor was her dictatorial methods, her lack of understanding of youth, and, lastly, her attitude revealed in the writing of such a bitter denunciation of the American college girl.

As to the disgusting illustration which accompanied the article, we know it to be true that some students drink—but, alas, so do some parents! Contrary to what the author would have "every American parent" believe, the majority of students on most campuses do not drink, however solicited to do so, but are earnest, serious-minded young people preparing for their lifework. Unfortunately, it is usually the "rah-rah" part of college and university life that receives most attention in press and movies these days.

LONG live the American college girl! She needs no defense; she is her own best argument for being. She is learning the finest of the fine arts, viz.: to live with others and let others live; to think in terms of others and their rights and privileges; to realize that what she does involves many others besides herself, namely, her family, her group, her school, her town, and life itself. I know of no better place for these life lessons to be learned than in our college homes.

Youth is far deeper and does much more serious thinking than many "oldsters" realize. I am willing to say that most problem students come from problem homes; most problem groups, from problem directors.

THE END

THIS FRIEND NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION



Of course, Budweiser is only incidental to your scheme for good living. But, since good living is a series of pleasant incidents, Budweiser becomes important...for its generous contribution of companionship when you are alone...fellowship when you are among friends...and contentment when the day's work is done.



*Live Life..Every golden
minute of it
Enjoy Budweiser..Every
golden drop of it*

ANHEUSER-BUSCH

Makers of the World-Famous Beer...

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MAKE THIS TEST

DRINK BUDWEISER FOR FIVE DAYS. ON THE SIXTH DAY TRY TO DRINK A SWEET BEER. YOU WILL WANT BUDWEISER'S FLAVOR THEREAFTER.



COPR. 1940 ANHEUSER-BUSCH INC., ST. LOUIS, MO.

AT the Troc and the Brown Derby, on the sands of Malibu and in the stands at Santa Anita, those in the know point her out. She walks, straight and small, simply dressed, just a few steps behind Larry Washburn and whichever glamourized celluloid siren come to life he happens to be escorting at the moment. The wisies say, "That's Margaret"—never "Marge" or "Margie" or any other contraction, which is in itself a sign of tremendous respect in the land of make-believe—"that's Margaret Swift, personal manager for Larry Washburn. She's the original gal without a heart."

Privately, Larry calls her "Shrimp" and she calls him "Lemon." They've been calling each other those names for eighteen years, ever since he was ten years old and she six and they lived in Twin Whip, Idaho.

And all the trouble started because one night she did not call him "Larry" or even "Lemon." They were at the Cocanut Grove, and he'd had more than one drink too many and was reaching for another and acting pretty silly, when all of a sudden she seemed to crack. No one in Hollywood had ever heard the pleading note she put in her voice then, nor seen her blue eyes so soft and moist.

"Lemuel Washbottom . . . please!" she begged. And Larry Washburn, idol of American womanhood, snapped out of the slight stupor he'd been in, and every one else just sat in rigid surprise at the foolish sound of that name. Then Sonya De Marr laughed, and the party guffawed, and Larry Washburn's face changed from red to fish-belly gray.

Only Sol Braunstein, head of Sterling Pictures, and his three lawyers—they because he had signed the contracts thus—and Margaret Swift in all of Hollywood knew that Larry Washburn's real name was Lemuel Washbottom; and of those five only Margaret knew how intensely he hated it. Even so, she didn't expect Larry to be as wild and unforgiving about it as he was. In the genuine oak-walled library of his Beverly Hills home he shouted:

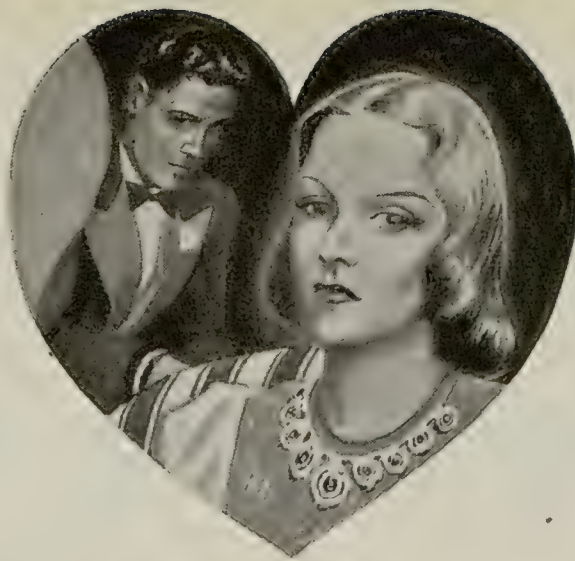
"You did that on purpose, Margaret!" He was so mad he wasn't even calling her "Shrimp." "You know how I hate that name! It sounds like a—a—er—a hillbilly."

Margaret Swift didn't put her 3A shoe down. She had lost, somehow, the touch of the dictator. She said:

"I know you don't like that name, Lemon, but you should. It was all right when your mother used to say 'Lemuel Washbottom . . . please.' I was just thinking of her tonight and that was how I happened to say it."

"Well, I'm never going to use it again—not even on a contract. From now on I'm dropping it. And I'm dropping you too. I'm sick of having you run my life for me!"

That was all he needed to say. Margaret walked out, and no one in Hollywood saw her for ten months. No one would have seen her then if Larry hadn't gotten himself into a jam.



GIRL WITHOUT A HEART

Liberty's Short Short

BY JOSEPH CSIDA

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

Sol Braunstein and his battery of legal talent had tried to extricate their number one box-office draw from it first, but had given up. Then Braunstein's private detectives located Margaret in a nice new one-story home in (of all places) Twin Whip, and they rushed her by chartered plane to Sol Braunstein's sumptuous offices in Hollywood, where a meeting with "the woman" and her attorney had been arranged.

"Miss Swift," Braunstein said, "Miss Swift, I'm so glad with joy you could come. We got troubles. Larry, he's got a trouble."

It was a little difficult to follow, but Margaret got the idea finally that the woman who, with her counsel, was waiting in the room outside, had a child aged six months, and she claimed that Larry was its father. She showed a check for \$5,000, signed "Larry Washburn," which she insisted he had given her toward the child's support. She wanted another \$100,000, for which consideration she would go to Europe and never bother Washburn again.

"I never paid her a cent," Larry said. "I never saw her before she came around with the check."

"But on the check, Larry," Braun-

stein said, "it's your signature, ain't it?"

"Yes," Larry admitted hopelessly. "I don't know how it got there, but it's my signature all right."

"Yes," said Braunstein's head counsel. "We've had it inspected by experts. It's his signature."

"Larry," Margaret asked, "that isn't your child, is it?"

"Shrimp," he said, "I swear to you, it's not. I never saw . . ."

"That's all I want to know," she said. "Let me talk to the woman and her attorney alone for a moment."

"Positively gladly," said Braunstein, and shooed himself and Larry and his lawyers out and the woman and her lawyer in.

Twenty minutes later Margaret called them all back.

The woman was actually trembling and her attorney looked as if he were going to be ill.

"We just want to apologize to you, Mr. Washburn," he said, handing Larry the check. "It was all a mistake."

Then he backed awkwardly out of the office and the woman practically ran after him.

When Larry, Braunstein, and the Sterling lawyers recovered from their surprise in the order named, Larry asked:

"Shrimp, how did you do it?"

"It was all very simple," said Margaret. "The check was signed 'Larry Washburn.' I merely explained to the lawyer and his client that you signed autographs for fans and things of that kind 'Larry Washburn' but that you signed all your checks and business papers with your real name, 'Lemuel Washbottom.' I proved it to him by showing some of the old commission checks I used to receive from you, and asked him whether he would like to try to cash the check so we could prefer charges, or whether he'd rather forget the whole thing. It's pretty obvious that while you were signing a flock of autographs somewhere, that woman got your signature onto that check."

"But," said Larry, "I've been signing my checks and contracts and everything 'Larry Washburn' ever since you left. I . . ."

"But the woman and her lawyer didn't know that. They didn't even try to cash the check, because they figured they had a much bigger stake in the bag."

"Larry, my boy," Braunstein cut in, "if it wouldn't be bad for business, you know what I would say? I would say, Larry, better you should marry this girl."

"You might as well say it, Brauny," said Larry gayly. "We've been married five years now. Ever since before we came to Hollywood. And business or no business, it's about time we let the world know about it."

"Yes, Lemon," Margaret said, "it is. Especially since we have a little three-months-old son back in Twin Whip. I've named him Lemuel Washbottom, Junior."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional \$1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; \$500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of \$100 each for the five next best.

FOUR-STAR

Screwball

The blithe and amazingly candid autobiography of America's No. 1 playboy

WHY I AM

THAT WAY

by Tommy
Manville, Jr.

READING TIME • 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

WHEN Tommy, Jr., was born in 1894, his father was a small-time roofing manufacturer in Milwaukee. In 1902 the family moved to New York, where Mr. Manville and his brother organized the Johns-Manville corporation. By 1907 they were rich.

Tommy went from one school to another, but by the time he was thirteen it became apparent that he didn't fit into the academic atmosphere. His mother, divorced from his father, was living in Boise, Idaho, with his sister, Lorraine, and it was there Tommy hid himself in 1908 and worked as a teamster, a freight handler, and a baker's assistant for a year. Then his father brought him back East and gave him a job in the Johns-Manville factory in New Jersey.

The asbestos-roofing heir was seventeen when he first discovered Broadway and was smitten by a Follies beauty named Florence Huber. They eloped, Tommy's father cut off his son's income, and the couple got jobs in Pittsburgh. The marriage didn't last. When the break-up finally came, Manville, Sr., took Tommy back in his good graces.

PART TWO—A PRODIGAL'S EXILE

BON REPOS Confucius always say: "Give girl rope of pearls and she hang her head in shame." That was the tough break I got when I fell in love with a debutante floosie-fluffball.

So I'm going to tell you about my first and only crush on a honey-child from that scintillating segment of Gotham society absurdly called the Four Hundred.

She was a charming, fragrant, vital hothouse flower. Those debbies manage to learn the facts of life and the pursuit of happiness so early nowadays. My million-dollar baby knew her stuff.

Let us call her Elizabeth. Today she's happily married to one of those clubman saps and they have a crop of kids.

Liz, as I called her, was a glamour girl of that certain season way back there when I was crashing stag lines



When Liz got a glimpse of the baubles her eyes were afire with rapture.

at the old Waldorf and the Ritz. Ambitious mothers were tossing \$50,000 debutante parties in those days, too.

My patrician pet had already had her coming-out party when I met her—and she was on her own. She was a tall, streamlined brunette. She had what you might better understand as oomph. Real class.

It was my father's notion that if I would turn around and marry a society girl it would clear the blot on the family escutcheon caused by an ill-fated marriage with a chorus girl. So he felt gratified when I started getting invitations to parties at Liz' home. Her family owned one of those imposing gray-stone Fifth Avenue mansions.

During the day I would work in the Johns-Manville Corporation offices, where I was getting thirty-five dollars a week in the purchasing department. At night I would hustle to my father's apartment in the St. Regis Hotel and swing on the old bib and tucker to go to Liz' for dinner and the theater. In those days I wore the conventional top-hat-and-tails combination. Today I always wear a gray tux with purple lapels, plus a gardenia.

THEN came the night. . . . It was one of those nights when Fate stands around to concoct mischief. . . . Liz and I were practically engaged. . . . T. F., my father, permitted me to charge a \$15,000 rope of pearls at his Fifth Avenue jeweler. . . . It wasn't exactly *comme il faut*, as the etiquette arbiters say, for me to be giving my girl jewelry until after the formal announcement of our troth; but then, Gran'pappy never did profess to be a stickler for the amenities. . . . So when Liz got a glimpse of the baubles her eyes were afire with rapture. . . . she quivered and shivered and shook all over when she kissed me. It was probably nervousness. . . . I thought it was passion. So the merry-go-round broke down. . . . we had pulled the wool over Cupid's eyes.

That night when I kissed her adieu her eyes were downcast. Her head was bowed in shame.

Pangs of remorse gnawed at my soul, too.

I swore I would never give another girl pearls. I was scared of them. I give my girls bracelets, wrist watches, rings, pins, brooches, and mink coats. Nothing under \$10,000. Sometimes I throw in a sports roadster. My daily bill for flowers averages \$100.

The year of 1939—which was an off year because I had no wife to buy off—saw me run through \$250,000. That's the price of being Tommy Manville.

Don't ask me for an itemized bill. Just take this one item: At Christmas I took care of 500 believers in Santa Claus. Gran'pappy doesn't send out Christmas cards; he sends carloads of nice things. Some prefer cash—and get it.

Oh dear, oh dear, how I wander at times!

I was telling you how worried I was over the jinx those pearls would

bring. I sat back and waited for word from Liz' father that I was going to be the guest of honor at a shotgun wedding. My jig was up.

That stupid, peevish, penitent pa-poose had to go and tell her mother.

The social world had anticipated an announcement of our engagement any day.

It was all off. Elizabeth's mother wrote a scorching note to my father. She told him about the betrayal. The Montagues and the Capulets never felt the hatred our families harbored over *l'affaire Elizabeth*.

My old man told me that he had about made up his mind to throw me out of his checkbook once more.

Do you know what made him change his mind? I convinced him that Liz, poor Liz, wasn't entirely blameless.

The Grand Deception, as I refer to that hidden chapter in my playboyish career, was forgotten. Nobody insisted on a follow-up of matrimony.

I suppose a lot of society wiseacres will try to figure out who that dame was. Not a chance. The skeptics will even wonder if such a creature ever existed. They'll be sure to get skeptic poisoning if they don't watch out.

During that year that I ran around with Liz I saw plenty.

I was a good catch. I was one of the town's most eligible bachelors. Oh, sure; I can hear those old sour-pusses yelling they wouldn't have me for a son-in-law if I were the last man on earth.

The feeling is mutual.

Society isn't what it's cracked up to be. It's mostly phony.

It never rests on terra firma. The headline is mightier than the sword.

Wise Chink of Bon Repos always say: "In society, you're here today, gone tomorrow."

I could mention a list of names as long as the Statue of Liberty's arm. Footprints on the sands of high society. Phooey!

There again, the feeling is probably mutual where I'm concerned.

I TOOK a run-out powder on this social order early in life. It's as counterfeit as the Soviet flag. But then, where are you?

The clever Chinaman of Bon Repos always say: "It is really impossible to exaggerate the unimportance of everything."

I spent the next couple of years rehabilitating myself after the collapse of the Elizabethan romance by dating up cute manicurists and telephone operators; occasionally a model. They were pretty little sunbeams in my world of shadows. They were so refreshing. A working-girl appreciates luxury.

T. F. interrupted my "cure" by transferring me to the factory at Manville, New Jersey. I took my place at a machine with a lot of other rugged, rough-and-tumble workers, making brake lining. I sat at my bench and cut the material from the machines. I worked from 7 A. M. until 6 P. M.

The old gent made it emphatically clear that I stick to this job, which paid me a paltry thirty skins a week—or else. He took a serious hand in the task of making a man out of his prodigal son. How I used to love to go prodigal on him!

After six months I was brought back to the main office in Manhattan. I was certainly learning the business from the ground up.

T. F. made me assistant secretary and treasurer at \$30,000 a year. I must have rated it, or you can imagine the squawk the stockholders would have made.

Today I have no connection with the Johns-Manville Corporation. The company sent a notice to that effect to all its stockholders and employees not so long ago. I suppose their morale was at stake.

MEANTIME, my sister Lorraine was climbing the social heights from which I had either fallen or fled.

Lorraine was and is a very beautiful girl. She enjoyed terrific popularity and the town's dowagers always included her on their invitation lists. The blue-blooded dandies besieged her incessantly.

So, true to the Manville tradition, what does she do?

She forsakes the aura of Park Avenue drawing rooms for the stage. She became a musical-comedy dancer, and, to the utter astonishment of everybody except the Manvilles, she fell head over heels in love with the leading man. His name was Clarence Gould, although he used the monicker Jay Gould professionally.

They were married early in 1925 and it looked like a natural. He gave up the stage and bought a seat on the New York Stock Exchange.

The Gould marriage soured in time because of temperamental differences, I was told, and then my sister went ga-ga for an Argentino caballero, Señor Camilo Aldao. He was in the chips himself. He was some kind of journalist and had other financial interests.

Lorraine and her dashing Camilo spent most of their brief married life in Paris. They were divorced even before I was able to congratulate him.

Now Lorraine is happily married to some Dutchman. I can never remember his name. Just a second while I look it up. Here it is: Cornelius W. Dresselhuys. Looks like a swell guy. I've met him a couple of times. He's the McCoy.

Lorraine and the Dutchman divide their time between his windmill in Holland, her elegantine apartment at the Plaza in Manhattan, and Palm Beach. They live the life of the ultra-fashionables. Society reporters rate her tops.

Consequently, sis and I seldom meet. We move in different spheres.

YOU might just as well meet the rest of the family.

Meet my mother, the Duchess. Mrs. Clara Coleman Manville.

She's seventy-four years old. You'd

never think of it. She is a blonde, though I must confess a tinted blonde. She'll probably crack a bottle over my conk for telling you this.

She's a wonderful sport, the Duchess is. She keeps right on stepping along. She can rhumba and do the conga with the best of 'em. She has a gay time. Why not?

A pretty spry girl, too. When she's not at the Ritz in London or in Monte Carlo making whoopee with the high-stepping set, she's bivouacked at the Savoy-Plaza in New York City. She goes the rounds of the hot spots at a pace that maddens, weakens, and kills more stalwart dames.

The Duchess can take it. We've done as many as five night clubs in a single spree. You can always tell her car. It's a magnificent cream-colored Rolls-Royce with chauffeur and footman. The radiator is plastered with emblems of American and European clubs.

T. F. didn't leave the Duchess a plugged nickel. I'll tell you in a little while about the close call I had and almost wound up in the same doghouse. So Lorraine and I each give the Duchess an allowance of \$4,000 a month, which by easy mathematics comes to \$96,000 a year.

Think of that! Ninety-six grand a year, and yet the Duchess is always having difficulties. Not so long ago she was behind with her bills.

I've been lending a hand to help balance her budget and now things are not so bad, though I haven't got the latest complete reports.

Funny thing about it is that her credit is rated excellent.

After all, it's a lot better than doing the family washing back in those lean Milwaukee days, isn't it?

THE next hectic episode in my whirlwind screwball career occurred in November, 1924. Another woman. Another jam. Another disinheritance.

It started one night when I went to the Ziegfeld Follies again. That was a great institution. I spotted a show girl I liked very much. Her name was Cynthia Cambridge.

Obviously, I was back in the big money or I never could have afforded the privilege of beholding the flirtatious eyes of the comely Cynthia.

The press was calling me "the Millionaire Kid" again.

Actually, T. F. gave me a good job in his office and divvied out a little extra gravy from his own pockets.

Oh, what's the use—I might as well tell you everything, since I've gone this far.

Remember a little while ago I told you I was assistant secretary and treasurer of the company.

Well, one morning I was late. Five minutes late, mind you. T. F. fired me for that.

I think he had a stronger motive, but he didn't mention it.

Funny thing about T. F. Every time he canned me, he called in his lawyers and they scratched my name off his last will and testament.



MANVILLE

UNFAIR TO BLONDES

Tommy's attentions to a bevy of brunettes bring protests from the light-headed gentry. Where's the picket line?

I got back, on that occasion, in no time at all.

It was certainly a revolving-door career I had with T. F.

Getting back to scintillating Cynthia: At that time I had an apartment; pretty swanky layout it was too, at 36 West Fifty-ninth Street, overlooking Central Park.

One afternoon I felt indisposed toward my job. I reported sick. I invited some girls over for cocktails. Can you imagine my surprise when one of the girls turned out to be Cynthia Cambridge!

In no time at all we became chummy. It was so easy to chum up to her. A gorgeous brunette, sparkling brown eyes, glorified.

She was a very refined girl. She told me all about herself. She was selected Miss England, 1924. I was proud to know the most beautiful girl in England in the 1924 crop, I told her. She said I was very witty.

I told her a lot of other things that would sound very dumb today, in view of what happened to our beautiful friendship.

At any rate, I told her too much; for on November 2, 1924, she made a public announcement that we were engaged to be married.

T. F. was rabid with rage. But there was no stopping the cyclonic Cynthia. She had been to my apartment five times. Our intimacy was platonic, if you can comprehend what I mean.

The press blazoned our "engagement" in headlines:

MANVILLE SCION TO WED FOLLIES BEAUTY, they said.

Cynthia didn't help dad's feverish palpitations any, either, when she gave out an interview to one of the rags and declared, "I am a firebug and I've snared the heart of the asbestos heir. My heart belongs to Tommy. I love him dearly and I am going to marry him. His sister Lorraine called me on the phone today and gave me her best wishes."

T. F. sizzled plenty. He was hollering bloody murder. No matter what I said, it only aggravated things. It was all "damn funny" to him.

I had to do the ungallant thing and give out the following statement for publication:

"You can tell the cockeyed world for me that Cynthia will never be my wife."

The morning after I made that crack I got a letter from a lawyer enumerating in painful detail the mental anguish, humiliation, and disgrace that I had brought to England's pride and joy.

I reluctantly showed it to T. F. and he said it was just what he expected. There was a demand for the asbestos king's ransom.

Then came a conference with lawyers. Dad agreed to give Cynthia ten grand to patch her busted feelings, and she agreed she would use the money to get back on her feet by

opening a gown shop. She felt too ashamed to go back to the stage.

Once she got the ten gees, she vanished from the Broadway scene. I learned afterwards she went back to the old country and a few months later she married a very rich Mexican banker.

She died in London in September, 1930, at the age of twenty-seven, from injuries suffered as the result of a fall from a horse in Hyde Park. She left an estate of over \$50,000.

Getting back to my beetle-browed and beaten father. He was good and sore at me. That's putting it very, very mildly.

His message to me was very laconic:

"You're not very smart. Get out! Don't you ever darken my doorway again!"

T. F. didn't waste many words. He was a real big-time tyrant in business. His ultimatum meant that I was disinherited again.

What to do?

I put the furniture in storage and started hunting for a job in earnest. I spotted a newspaper advertisement by a family in the country for a chauffeur.

I figured no one there would know me as an outcast son. They were so impressed with my manner and patter, I got the job.

They lived in a great big house and went in for "show" in a great big way. The master of the household had made a barrel of coin in the cloak-and-suit business, and when I arrived on the job he was splurging himself.

Outwardly they put on the ritz in grand style. But when it came to the help, we were starved. The madam used to scrimp on the food so much that the kitchen servants and the butler would stage a riot among themselves to snatch the leftovers, and poor me—who was on chauffeuring duty—would be out of luck altogether.

Many was the night when I would be so famished I would hike two miles over hill and dale to the main road and buy a hamburger at a diner.

AFTER six months of this I quit. They were so stingy they wouldn't even let me call a taxicab on my last day without paying for the call. I lost twenty pounds on that job.

My next job was driving for James Cooney, a cotton broker, who lived at Southampton, Long Island. They treated me swell. I guess I was a good chauffeur, too.

The first job was a lousy one. Of course they knew my name was Manville, but that didn't upset them very much. They felt very aristocratic. The Cooneys also knew my name was Manville and treated me accordingly, if you get the difference.

Toward the end of my exile I was working as an automobile salesman and I was doing pretty well. In fact, I was offered a two-year contract by one of the big oil companies to join their forces in China. I was to get \$7,500 a year.

Lorraine got wind of the offer and interceded with T. F.

I also got an idea that dad would let the bars down.

I hadn't bothered him for a long time. Neither had I got into any jams.

On fifty smackers a week a fellow like me leads a very virtuous life.

T. F. gave me the glad hand and put me back to work in the Johns-Manville offices as filing clerk.

When I was reinstated he took me right into his lavish suite at the Plaza. I had been living in furnished rooms. He also gave me a check for \$1,000 as a welcome-home present.

Broadway seemed a million miles from nowhere.

Everything was breaking nicely.

THE second day on the job as filing clerk I detected a pretty ash-blond poopsiedoodle taking dictation from one of the officials. I could see her through the glass partition that separated the official's office from my territory.

Nice kid, I thought.

She must have thought I was pretty nice too, because she never skipped by me after getting her notes without slipping me a smile. A come-on sort of smile.

I was playing cagey.

I even suspected that she was planted in the range of my vision by T. F. to test my sincerity.

Her name was Lois McCoin. She came to New York from Lawrence, Kansas. She came to carve a career for herself in the big metropolis.

I also learned that T. F. thought the world of her as a secretary. He admired her ambition, her diligence to duty, her ability and personality. Gran'pappy went T. F. one better, for I also appreciated her beauty.

She was the kind of secretary who could detain business men at the office. That's how good she was.

Then came the company dance at the Hotel Biltmore. I hadn't dared to ask her in the office if she was going to be there. I was afraid T. F. might misunderstand any innocent advance I might make toward his favorite secretary. I was overjoyed at seeing her.

I was stubborn, though. Here we were, neither of us dancing with any one, desiring to trip the light fantastic with each other, and yet Gran'pappy didn't have the nerve to strut over and pluck this sweet-looking wallflower.

There was a longing in both our eyes.

Suddenly T. F. came up to me.

"What's the matter, son?" he asked. "Aren't any of these girls here good enough for you to dance with?"

I looked at him, startled.

"T. F.," I said, "I've got a confession to make. I'm falling in love with that girl over there. Miss McCoin."

"It's the most sensible thing I've ever heard you say," dad remarked. "She's a peach, a very fine girl. I hope you do fall in love with her."

I knew my onions, you see. It tickled the old gent.

Don't ask me how it happened. It must have been the spell of the orchestra's gay rigadon. The next thing I knew, Lois was walking toward me and I started toward her and we found ourselves out on the floor dancing. It was divine, heavenly, full of fate.

We whispered all the silly, nonsensical things new-found lovers murmur. She told me she liked the way I danced, and I told her she was a marvelous dancer too. We danced every dance together after that.

T. F. was inordinately pleased. The errant son had found his salvation.

Dad knew almost intuitively that I was on the level with Lois. He watched the course of our romance like a harried stock trader watches the ticker tape.

Then one day he called me into his office.

Before I tell you of his telltale talk with me, I want you to have some picture of the man.

He was a short, stocky, roly-poly type, but very distinguished-looking. His iron-gray hair was combed back in a wavy pompadour. It gave him an air of being a plutocrat. He always dressed immaculately and invariably he wore a white carnation.

His mind was alert. The flash in his eyes revealed the quickness of his thoughts. He was very keen. No one ever fooled him.

As Chairman of the Board of the corporation, his mighty personality made itself felt in every nook and cranny of the organization, and far beyond that.

ON this particular day his face was solemn.

"Tommy," he said, "I am going to die. In two weeks my pump will have given out. The pace has been too much."

"Aw, come on, buck up, dad," I said. "You're not going to die. You just feel low today. You'll be all right."

"No, I'm not," he insisted. "My days are counted. I have one last wish I want you to carry out. I want you to get married. You can't run around New York single. Why don't you marry that girl who's in love with you?"

I said warily: "What girl?"

He replied: "Lois McCoin—a very fine girl."

Lois and I were married on September 30, 1925.

My father promised her \$200 a week as long as she was nice to his son.

T. F. died on October 19, 1925.

By the end of the following month Lois and I busted up.

We were living in a penthouse at 128 West Fifty-ninth Street. I can't remember just why we called it off. It was some vague, silly row, too trivial to recall.

Lois waited five years before going to Reno to get a divorce. I gave her a lump settlement and an allowance

of \$19,200 a year for life. We're still pals.

As a matter of fact, all of my four ex-wives and I are on good terms.

Before signing off, I want to tell you of an experience I had the other day at the Colony, that hoity-toity hash house where only the socially anointed can sit down to break bread and show off.

I was sitting there among the so-called nice people, enjoying lunch with Yvonne Arden, one of my secretariat.

Who should come in but Richard Knight, a smart-looking, fast-talking barrister, and his wife, Dorothy Ledyard Knight?

Just in case you've forgotten, Dick induced Dorothy to abandon, temporarily at least, her Reno habitat, to join him in New York City for the Christmas holidays. Prior to that, Dick had appeared at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera House and spun some cart wheels and finished his act by standing on his head in front of that temple.

Now you remember whom I mean, of course.

At the Colony luncheon that day, Dick Knight, I must confess, almost stole the show away from me. He and his wife were getting plenty lorgnetted.

I told Yvonne that Knight once wrote in his autobiography as follows: "I spent a good deal of time making mischievous love to impressionable young wives with the sole object of messing up their lives."

That was before he married Dorothy Ledyard, who has \$14,000,000 in her own right.

This lunch date was supposed to be a sort of reconciliation affair for the Knights.

When Yvonne and I came out of the Colony we were stormed by the press. They asked me what I thought of Dick Knight.

I said: "He must be a screwball."

The next day the papers published what I had said.

Dick Knight retorted with: "Look who's talking!"

AS I said before, I want to fall in love again. I want to make one more trip to the plate and then I'm through. My fifth wife is going to stick.

When I get married to number five, I'm planning a reunion for my four ex-wives. It ought to be a rip-roaring get-together because we've all had so much fun.

THE END

☆ THE BOOK OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ FUN WITH FLOWERS by Donita Ferguson and Roy Sheldon. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Whatever your opinions—and you'll have many—you'll save the cost of this book the first three trips to the florist. A must for every woman; a should for every gardener.

It takes a woman to fight a COLD!*

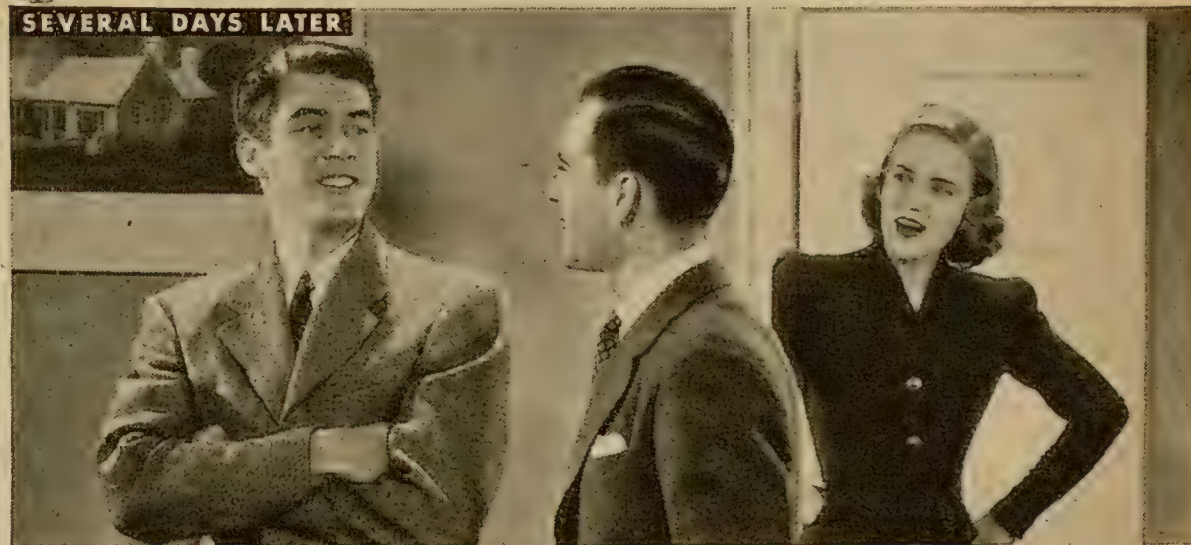


"Men are such babies! The other evening my husband arrived home drenched to the skin, and sneezing his head off. Yet he wanted to go to his club that night! Well, I put my foot down. I made him stay home and I gave him my double-help cold-fighter—Sal Hepatica, famous saline laxative.



"How does Sal Hepatica give double-help? Well, first, it's a gentle yet especially fast-acting saline laxative—and speed, you've got to admit, is important in fighting a cold. Second, Sal Hepatica helps Nature counteract the acidity that so often accompanies a cold.

SEVERAL DAYS LATER



"And now, hear my husband talk—

"I never trifle with a cold," says he. "At the first sign, I take a glass of sparkling Sal Hepatica. Its speedy, two-way action helps me chase a cold faster." The ingrate! Never a word about *me*!"



A recent survey by 7 leading medical journals shows that 7 out of 10 doctors prescribe a saline laxative, in treating colds.

SAL HEPATICA

Get a bottle of this famous saline laxative at your druggist's today

TUNE IN! Big new Fred Allen Show—Wednesdays at 9 to 10 P. M., E. S. T.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN
LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SLICED peaches, crushed strawberries, lemon juice, milk, potato flour. . . . No, it isn't a pudding. You put all these groceries *on* your face instead of *into* it. You do, that is, if you follow the facial regime recommended by Princess Vera.

A real princess from southern Russia, Vera Sviatopolk-Mirsky studied beauty culture at French and German institutes after the revolution. On the Riviera her skin treatments became highly fashionable among women of international society and movie stars vacationing from Hollywood. Here now as a business refugee because of the war, she has been telling me some of the *whys* behind her unusual aids for faces.

"Fresh fruit," she said, "makes a natural skin tonic. Clean your face thoroughly before rubbing with strawberries or peaches, then of course clean again. Peasant belles have been giving themselves fruit rubs since time immemorial, and their lovely complexions are famous. As an astringent they use one teaspoon of lemon juice in half a cup of milk. Pat it on; let it dry; wash it off. For erasing wrinkles they have an excellent facial pack made of potato flour and hot water. It should be thick, and as hot as you can stand it comfortably. Leave it on half an hour."

Thought you might like to know all this about Princess Vera's *peasant facials*, since they are tricks any of us can try at home without risk to the epiderm, at a cost not exceeding that of a nice fruit salad!

★ Arrested during early days of the Soviet terror, Princess Vera was accused of spreading talk against a leader named Dzugashvili — the man we now call *Stalin*. "Who is this Dzugashvili?" she asked the Red general in

charge of questioning her. Forward stepped a lean young man with coarse black hair and hard eyes burning in a wolfish face. "I am," he said. "Now answer this, even though you don't know me and haven't talked about me: Are your sympathies with us or with the White forces?" . . . She felt sure it was the end, so there would be no object in pretending. "My husband and father and brothers are with the White army," she replied. "How could I want them to lose?" . . . The man we call Stalin glared at her. "It would be better for your kind," he said, "if more were as honest as you." . . . Offered the protection of a Red soldier to escort her home, she declared a Red soldier would be the most horrifying of escorts, whereupon the Red general — *and Dzugashvili* — walked home with her themselves.

★ Valentines crudely drawn or written with lipstick are counted cute among some young things I know. Boy sends lipstick along with valentine, intimating that he expects to get it back smear by smear. . . . And I know a young farmer who, for a

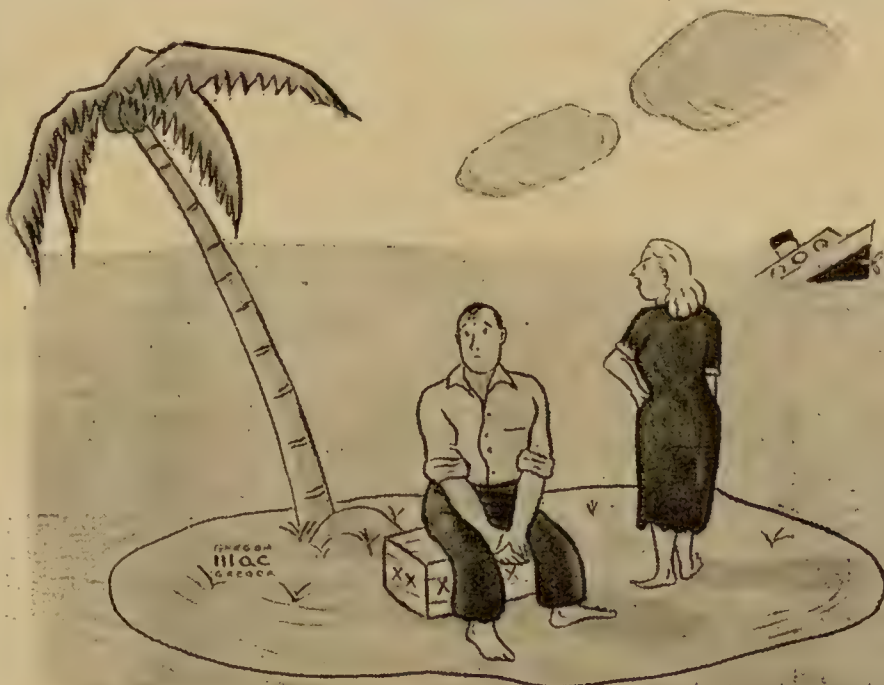
valentine, actually sent *his* girl a big live goose with a sugar heart tied around its neck.

★ Sea cooks aren't fancy chefs as a rule, but Sylvestre is different. He learned to cook, and to sing, in the French navy. Standing over his stove, he sings sailor songs while tenderly preparing this superlative stew, which he calls *Captain's Chicken*. Make it as follows: Joint a tender young chicken as for fricassee. Butter the pieces; roll in flour; brown in oven. Fry 1 diced onion, 1 diced carrot, and 1 diced parsnip 20 minutes in butter. Place chicken in stewpan with vegetables, the chicken liver finely chopped, salt, pepper, 1 tablespoon capers, and 3 cups broth. Simmer 45 minutes very gently, then add ½ pound mushrooms sliced thick, and continue cooking 15 minutes more. Arrange pieces of chicken on hot platter. Thicken sauce with 1 teaspoon cornstarch; let boil up; add 1 tablespoon brandy or dry white wine. Pour sauce over chicken. Serve at once in ring of hot macaroni.

★ Problem for Dr. Gustav Eckstein, scientist, author, playwright, and investigator of canary-bird psychology: I know two canaries named Mitzi and Fritz who won't let any humans, male or female, come near them with *hats* on. Hatless, you are a welcome cage-side visitor, greeted by glad trills of canary coloratura. But if you put your hat on, both birds fly into violent spasms of canary fury, and refuse to calm down until you are again bareheaded. The owners, friends of mine, have racked their brains in vain to understand this hat-and-canary complex. Dr. Eckstein please psycho-analyze Mitzi and Fritz!

★ Enjoyed reading Arthur Davison Ficke's new book, *Mrs. Morton of Mexico*. (Published by Reynal & Hitchcock.)

★ Heard an interesting discussion as to how old a child should be when given a puppy. A doctor, I thought, made the wisest suggestion. Said, "Either the kid or the dog should be old enough to know the sense of *walking away* from too much pestering, instead of hitting or biting."



"Oh, stop worrying about what your precious wife will say!"

New "One-Two" Way to Get 1940's Biggest Value!

- ① See the 1940 Quality Chart to learn which of "All Three" low-priced cars gives you the greatest size, comfort, long life, quality.
- ② Discover new evidence—new motoring enjoyment—take Plymouth's Luxury Ride!

TWO EASY STEPS AND YOU KNOW THE BEST BUY

1. SEE THE QUALITY CHART FOR FACTS
2. TAKE THE LUXURY RIDE FOR PROOF

THE 1940 QUALITY CHART

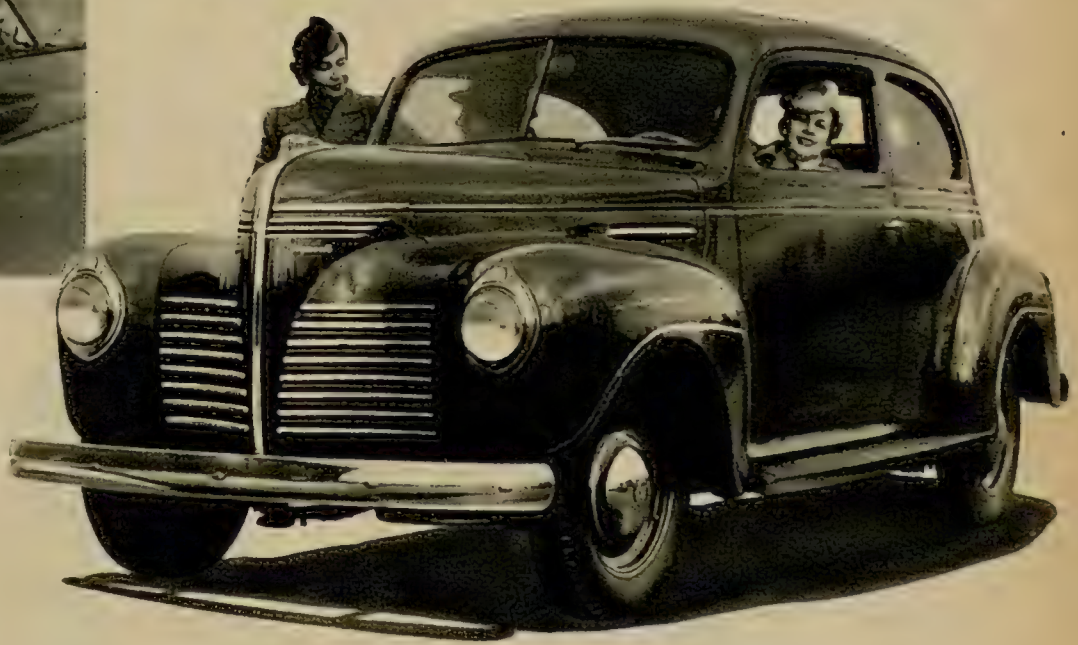
Comparison of "All Three" Low-Priced Cars with Leading High-Priced Cars in Quality Features

Feature	Plymouth	Ford	Chrysler	High-Priced Cars
1. 120 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
2. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
3. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
4. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
5. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
6. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
7. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
8. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
9. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
10. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
11. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
12. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
13. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
14. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
15. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
16. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
17. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
18. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
19. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
20. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
21. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
22. 100 in. wheelbase	YES	YES	YES	YES
TOTAL	21	11	8	



OF 22 IMPORTANT FEATURES FOUND IN HIGH-PRICED CARS

Plymouth has 21. Car "2" has 11. Car "3" has 8



TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES, C. B. S., THURSDAYS, 9-10 P. M., E. S. T.
SEE THE NEW LOW-PRICED 1940 PLYMOUTH COMMERCIAL CARS

THE REASONS for the tremendous popularity of this 1940 Plymouth are easily apparent. This year, *high-priced* cars resemble each other in 22 important quality features. But of "All 3" *low-priced* cars, only Plymouth gives you a majority of these features.

In size, beauty, performance, it's the one low-priced car of 1940 that's *most like the high-priced cars*. See the facts on the 1940 Quality Chart. Then take Plymouth's delightful Luxury Ride. Remember, Plymouth is *easy to buy*!

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



MONEY

and the Woman

READING TIME • 31 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

DAVE BENNETT, a vice-president of a Los Angeles bank, goes to a small branch in Glendale to find out why its savings department is so successful. He discovers that Charles Brent, in charge of the department, has won the confidence of the workmen of the town and built up the deposits on a personal basis.

A few weeks after Bennett's arrival, Brent's lovely wife, Sheila, calls on him one night. She says that her husband must have an operation and asks permission to replace him at the bank until he is well. Bennett, who is drawn toward Sheila from the first, consents.

One day, when Sheila is out, Bennett takes her window. It is then he discovers that there are withdrawals noted on the bank's cards that are not entered in the depositors' books. The figures on the cards are lightly checked. He adds them and they total about eighty-five hundred dollars.

Suspecting that Sheila is in the racket with her husband, and that she has been leading him (Bennett) on, so that he will help her cover up, he takes her to his house and tries to make love to her, to see how far she is prepared to go. She does not respond as he expected her to. Instead, she calls a cab and goes home.

PART TWO—A RACE WITH TIME

IHAD started by trying to find out what Sheila was up to, but all I had found out was that I was nuts about her. I went over and over it till I was dizzy, and nothing she had done and nothing she had said proved anything. She might be on the up-and-up, and she might be playing me for a still worse sucker than I had thought she was, a sucker that was going to play her game for her and not even get anything for it. In the bank, she treated me just like she treated the others, pleasant, polite, and pretty. I didn't take her to the hospital any more, and that was how we went along for three or four days.

Then came the day for the monthly check on cash, and I tried to kid myself that was what I had been waiting for before I did anything about that shortage. So I went around with Helm and checked them all. They opened their boxes, and Helm counted them up, and I counted his count. She stood there while I was counting hers, with a dead pan that could mean anything, and of course it checked to the cent. Down in my heart I knew it would. Those false entries had all been made to balance the cash, and as they went back for a couple of

years, there wasn't a chance that it would show anything in one month.

That afternoon when I went home I had it out with myself, and woke up to the fact that I wasn't going to do anything about that shortage, that I couldn't do anything about it until at least I had spoken to her.

So that night I drove over to Glendale, and parked right on Mountain Drive where I had always parked. I went early, in case she started sooner when she went by bus, and I waited a long time. Then, along about half past seven, here she came out of the house and walking fast. I waited till she was about a hundred feet away, and then I gave that same little tap on the horn I had given before. She started to run, and before I knew it the door opened and slammed, and there she was on the seat beside me, and she was squeezing my hand and half whispering:

"I'm so glad you came. So glad."

We didn't say much going in. I went to the newsreel, but what came out on the screen I couldn't tell you. I was going over and over in my mind what I was going to say to her, or at least trying to. But every time I'd plan to get talking about it, I'd find myself starting off about her home life, and trying to find out if Brent really had taken up with another woman, and more of the same that only meant one thing. It meant I wanted her for myself. And it meant I was trying to make myself believe that she didn't know anything about the shortage, that she had been on the up-and-up all the time.

I went back to the car and got in, and pretty soon she came out of the hospital and ran down the steps. When she got in the car she leaned back and closed her eyes.

"Dave?"

It was the first time she had ever called me by my first name. I felt my heart jump. "Yes, Sheila?"

"Could we have a fire tonight?"

"I'd love it."

"I've—I've got to talk to you."

So I drove to my house. Sam let us in, but I chased him out. We went in the living room, and once more I didn't turn on the light. She helped me light the fire. Then she sat on the sofa, where she had been before, and I sat beside her. I didn't try any passes this time. She looked in the fire a long time, and then she took my arm and pulled it around her.

"Am I terrible?"

"No."

"I want it there."

I started to kiss her, but she raised her hand, covered my lips with her fingers, then pushed my face away. She dropped her head on my shoulder, closed her eyes, and didn't speak for a long time. Then:

"Dave, there's something I've got to tell you."

"What is it?"

"It's pretty tragic, and it involves the bank, and if you don't want to hear it from me, this way, just say so and I'll go home."

"... All right. Shoot."

"Charles is short in his accounts."

"How much?"

"A little over nine thousand dollars. Nine one one three point two six, if you want the exact amount. I've been suspecting it. I noticed one or two things. He kept saying I must have made mistakes in my bookkeeping, but tonight I made him admit it."

"Well. That's not so good."

"How bad is it?"

"It's pretty bad."

"Dave, tell me the truth about it. I've got to know. Will they put him in prison?"

"I'm afraid they will."

"What, actually, does happen?"

"A good bit of what happens is up to the bonding company. If they get tough, he needn't expect much mercy. It's dead open-and-shut. They put him under arrest, have him indicted, and the rest of it's a question of how hard they bear down and how it hits the court. Sometimes, of course, there are extenuating circumstances—"

"There aren't any. He didn't spend that money on me, or on the children, or on his home. I've kept all expenses within his salary, and I've even managed to save a little for him every week. He spent it on another woman."

"I see."

"Does it make any difference if restitution is made?"

"All the difference in the world."

"If so, would he get off completely free?"

"There again it all depends on the bonding company and the deal that could be made with them. They might figure they'd make any kind of a deal to get the money back; but as a rule they're not lenient. The way they look at it, every guy that gets away with it means ten guys next year that'll try to get away with it."

"Suppose they never knew it? Suppose I could find a way to put the money back—I mean, suppose I could get the money, and then found a way to make the records conform so nobody ever knew there was anything wrong?"

We stood there a few minutes.

Then he motioned in the direction of the dance floor.

"Who's that girl in red?"

"I'm sure it couldn't be done."

"Oh, yes, it could."

"The passbooks would give it away sooner or later."

"Not the way I'd do it."

"That—I would have to think about."

"You know what this means to me, don't you?"

"I think so."

"It's not on account of me. Or Charles. If he had to pay, it might be what he deserves. It's on account of my two children. Dave, I can't have them spend the rest of their lives knowing their father was a convict, that he'd been in prison. Can you understand what that means?"

For the first time since she had begun to talk I looked at her then. She was still in my arms, but she was turned to me in a strained, tense kind of way, and her eyes looked hunted. I patted her head, and tried to think. But I knew there was one thing I had to do. I had to clear up my end of it. She had come clean with me; I had to come clean with her.

"Sheila?"

"Yes?"

"I've got to tell you something."

"... What is it, Dave?"

"I've known this all along. For at least a week."

"Is that why you were looking at me that day?"

"Yes. It's why I acted that way that night. I thought you knew it. I thought you had known it, even when you came to me that night to ask for the job. I thought you were playing me for a sucker, and I wanted to find out how far you'd go to get me where you wanted me. Well—that clears that up."

She was sitting up now, looking at me hard.

"Dave, I *didn't* know it."

"I know you didn't—*now* I know it."

"I knew about *her*—this woman he's been—going around with. I wondered sometimes where he got the money. But this—I had no idea. Until two or three days ago. Until I began to notice discrepancies between the passbooks and cards."

"Yeah, that's what I noticed."

"And that's why you turned seducer?"

"Yeah. It's not very natural to me, I guess. I didn't fool you any. What I'm trying to say is I don't feel



A brilliant new novel of tangled lives
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BY JAMES M. CAIN

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LA SALLE

that way about you. I want you every way there is to want somebody, but—I mean it. Do you know what I'm getting at, if anything?"

She nodded, and all of a sudden we were in each other's arms, and I was kissing her, and she was kissing back, and her lips were warm and soft. We sat there a long time, holding each other close. We were halfway to her house before we remembered about the shortage and what we were going to do about it. She begged me once more to give her a chance to save her children from the disgrace. I told her I'd have to think it over, but I knew in my heart I was going to do anything she asked me to.

WHERE you going to get this money?"

"From my father."

"Has he got that much dough?"

"I don't know. . . . He owns his house. Out in Westwood. He could get something on that. He has a little money. I don't know how much. I guess he can get it."

"How's he going to feel about it?"

"He's going to hate it. And if he lets me have it, it won't be on account of Charles. And it won't be on account of me. He was pretty bitter when I even considered marrying Charles, and when I actually went and did it—well, we won't go into that. But for his grandchildren's sake, he might. Oh, what a mess!"

It was the next night, and we were sitting in the car where I had parked on one of the terraces overlooking the ocean. I suppose it was around eight thirty, as she hadn't stayed at the hospital very long. She sat looking out at the surf, and then suddenly said I might as well drive her over to her father's. I did, and she didn't have much to say. I parked near the house, and she went in, and she stayed a long time. It must have been eleven o'clock when she came out. She got in the car, and then she broke down and cried. When she got under control, I asked, "Well, what luck?"

"Oh, he'll do it, but it was awful."

"If he got sore, you can't blame him much."

"He didn't get sore. He just sat there and shook his head, and there was no question about whether he'd let me have the money or not. But—Dave, an old man; he's been paying on that house for fifteen years, and last year he got it clear. If he wants to, he can spend his summers in Canada, he and mama both. And now—it's all gone; he'll have to start paying all over again, all because of this. Fifteen years, paying regularly every month, and now it's to go, all because Charles fell for a simpleton that isn't worth the powder and shot to blow her to pieces."

I DIDN'T sleep very well that night.

I kept thinking of the old history professor and his house, and Sheila, and Brent lying down there in the hospital with a tube in him. Up to then I hadn't thought much about him. I didn't like him, and he was

washed up with Sheila, and I had just conveniently not thought of him at all. I thought of him now, though, and wondered who the simpleton was that he had fallen for, and whether he was as nuts about her as I was about Sheila. Then I got to wondering whether I thought enough of her to embezzle for her, and that brought me sitting up in bed. I could say I wouldn't, that I had never stolen from anybody, and never would, but here I was already mixed up in it some kind of way. It was a week since I uncovered that shortage, and I hadn't said a word about it to the home office, and I was getting ready to help her cover up.

Something popped in me then—about Brent, I mean, and I quit kidding myself. I did some hard figuring in bed there, and I didn't like it a bit, but I knew what I had to do.

Next night, instead of heading for the ocean, I headed for my house again, and pretty soon we were back in front of the fire. I held her in my arms quite a while before I got to it. Then:

"Sheila?"

"Yes?"

"I've had it out with myself."

"Dave, you're not going to turn him in?"

"No, but I've decided there's only one person that can take that rap."

"Who do you mean?"

"Me."

"I don't understand you."

"All right. I drove you over to see your father last night, and he took it pretty hard. Fifteen years paying on that house, and now it's all got to go, and he don't get anything out of it at all. Why should he pay? I got a house, too, and I do get something out of it."

"What do you get out of it?"

"You."

"What are you talking about?"

"I mean I got to cough up that nine thousand bucks."

"You will not!"

LOOK. Let's quit kidding ourselves.

All right. Brent stole the dough, he spent it on a cutie, he treated you lousy. He's father of two children that happen also to be your father's grandchildren, and that means your father's got to pay. Well, ain't that great! Here's the only thing that matters about this: Brent's down and out. He's in the shadow of the penitentiary, he's in the hospital recovering from one of the worst operations there is, he's in one hell of a spot. But me—I'm in love with his wife. While he's down, I'm getting ready to take her away from him—the one thing he's got left. O. K. That's not so pretty, but that's how I feel about it. But the least I can do is kick in with that dough. So I'm doing it. So quit bothering your old man."

"I can't let you do it. If you paid that money, then I'd be bought."

She got up and began to walk around the room. "You've practically said so yourself. You're getting

ready to take a man's wife away from him, and you're going to salve your conscience by replacing the money he stole. That's all very well for him, since he doesn't seem to want his wife anyway. But can't you see where it puts me? What can I say to you now? Or what could I say, if I let you put up that money? I can't pay you back. Not in ten years could I make enough to pay you nine thousand dollars. I'm just your—creature."

I watched her as she moved around, touching the furniture with her hands, not looking at me, and then all of a sudden a hot wild feeling went through me and the blood began to pound in my head. I went over and jerked her around so she faced me.

"Listen! There's not many guys that feel for a woman nine thousand dollars' worth. What's the matter with that? Don't you want to be bought?"

I took her in my arms and shoved my lips against hers. "Is that so tough?"

She kissed me then, hard.

"So it was just a lot of hooley you were handing me?"

"Just hooley, nothing but hooley. Oh, it's so good to be bought! I feel like something in a veil and a harem skirt—and I just love it."

"Now—we will put that money back."

"Yes, together."

"We'll start tomorrow."

"Isn't that funny? I'm completely in your power. I'm your slave, and I feel so safe, and know that nothing's going to happen to me, ever."

"That's right. It's a life sentence for you."

"Dave, I've fallen in love."

"Me, too."

If you think it's hard to steal money from a bank, you're right. But it's nothing like as hard as it is to put the money back. Maybe I haven't made it quite clear yet, what that bird was doing. In the first place, when there's a shortage in a bank, it's always in the savings, because no statements are rendered on them. The commercial depositor, the guy with a checking account I mean, gets a statement every month. But no statements are rendered to savings depositors. They show up with their passbooks and plunk their money down, and the deposit is entered in their books, and their books are their statements. They never see the bank's cards, so naturally the thing can go on a long time before it's found out, and when it's found out, it's most likely to be by accident, like this was, because Brent didn't figure on his trip to the hospital.

Well, what Brent had done was fix up a cover for himself with all this stuff about putting it on a personal basis, so no savings depositor that came in the bank would ever deal with anybody but him.

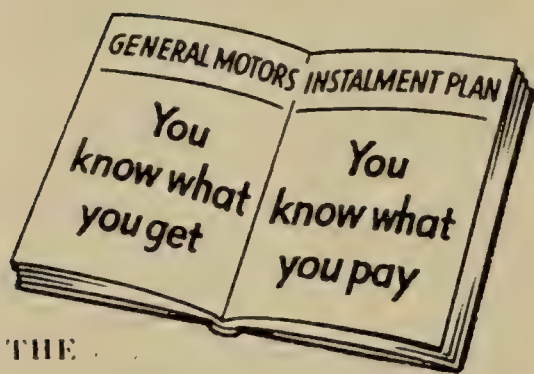
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(Continued on page 32)

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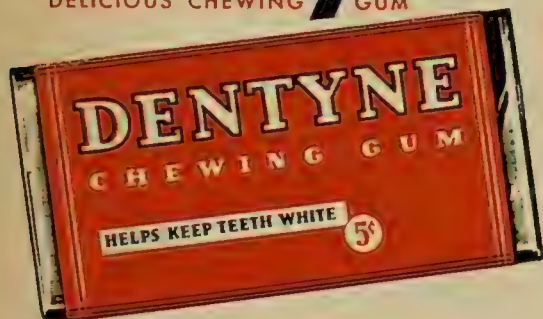
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(Continued from page 30)

depositors dealing only with him, he went about it exactly the way they all go about it. He picked accounts where he knew he wouldn't be likely to run into trouble, and he'd make out a false withdrawal slip, generally for somewhere around fifty bucks. He'd sign the depositor's name to it—just forge it—but he didn't have to be very good at that part, because nobody passed on those signatures but himself. Then he'd put fifty bucks in his pocket, and of course the false withdrawal slip would balance his cash. Our card had to balance too, of course, so he'd enter the withdrawal on that, but beside each false entry he'd make that little light pencil check that I had caught, and that would tell him what the right balance ought to be, in case the depositor made some inquiry.

Well, how were you going to get that money put back so the daily cash would balance, so the cards would balance, and so the passbooks would balance, and at the same time leave it so nothing would show later, when the auditors came around? It had me stumped.

What I wanted to do was report it as was, let Sheila fork up the dough, without saying where she got it, and let Brent get fired and go look himself up a job. It didn't look like they would do much to him if the money was put back. But she wouldn't hear of that. She was afraid they might send him up anyway, and then I would be putting up the money all for nothing, her children would have to grow up under the disgrace, and where we would be was nowhere. There wasn't much I could say to that. I figured they probably would let him off, but I couldn't be sure.

It was Sheila that figured out the way. We were riding along one night, just one or two nights after I told her I was going to put up the dough myself, when she began to talk.

"The cards, the cash, and the passbooks, is that it?"

"That's all."

"The cards and the cash are easy."

"Oh yeah?"

"That money goes back the same way it came out. Only instead of false withdrawals, I make out false deposits. The cash balances, the posting balances, and the card balances."

"And the passbooks don't balance. Listen. If there's only one passbook—just one—that can tell on us after you're out of there, and I'm out, we're sunk. The only chance we've got is that the thing is never suspected at all—that no question is ever raised. And, what's more, we don't dare make a move till we see every one of the passbooks on those phony accounts. We think we've got his code, how he ticked his false withdrawals, but we can't be sure, and maybe he didn't tick them all. Unless we can make a clean job of this, I don't touch it. Him going to jail is one thing. All three of us going, and me losing my job and nine thousand bucks—oh, no."

"All right, then, the passbooks."

"That's it—the passbooks."

"Now, when a passbook gets filled up or there's some mistake on it, what do we do?"

"Give him a new one, don't we?"

"Containing how many entries?"

"One, I suppose. His total as of that date."

"That's right. And that one entry tells no tales. It checks with the card, and there's not one figure to check against all those back entries—withdrawals and deposits and so on, running back for years. All right, then; so far, perfect. Now what do we do with his old book? Regularly, I mean."

WELL—what do we do with it?"

"We put it under the punch, the cutter that goes through every page and marks it void, and give it back to him."

"And then he's got it—any time an auditor calls for it. Gee, that's a big help."

"But if he doesn't want it?"

"What are you getting at?"

"If he doesn't want it, we destroy it. It's no good to us, is it? And it's not ours; it's his. He doesn't want it."

"Are you sure we destroy it?"

"I've torn up a thousand of them. . . . And that's just what we're going to do now. Between now and the next check on my cash, we're going to get all those books in. First we check totals, to know exactly where we're at. Then the depositor gets a new book—that tells no tales."

"Why does he get a new book?"

"He didn't notice it when he brought it in, but the stitching is awfully strained, and it's almost falling apart. I've smeared lipstick on it. Or I just think it's time he got one of our nice new books, for luck. So he gets a new book with one entry in it—just his total, that's all. Then I say: 'You don't want this, do you?' And the way I'll say it, that old book will seem positively contaminated." And then, right in front of his eyes, as though that's the way we do it every day—I'll tear it up, and drop it in the wastebasket."

"Suppose he does want it?"

"Then I'll put it under the punch, and give it to him. But somehow that punch is going to make its neat little holes in the exact place where the footings are, and it's going to be impossible for him, or an auditor, or anybody, to see what those figures are."

"And all the time you're getting those holes in the right place, he's going to be on the other side of the window, looking at you, wondering why it takes so long."

"Oh, no—it won't take a second. You see, I've been practicing. I can do it in a jiffy. . . . But he won't want that book back. Trust me. I know how to do it."

There was just a little note of pleading on that, as she said it. I had to think it over. I did think it over for quite a while, and I began to have

this feeling that on her end of it, if that was all, she could put it over all right. But then something else began to bother me. "How many of these doctored accounts are there?"

"Forty-seven."

"And how are you going to get those passbooks in?"

"Well, interest is due on them. I thought I could send out little printed slips—signed 'per Sheila Brent,' in ink, or with my initials, so they'll be sure to come to me—asking them to bring in their books for interest credits. I never saw anybody that wouldn't bring in his book if it meant a dollar and twenty-two cents. And a printed slip looks perfectly open and aboveboard, doesn't it?"

"Yeah, but this is what I'm thinking of: You send out your printed slips, and within a couple of days all those books come in, and you can't hold them forever. You've got to hand them back—or the new books they're going to get—as soon as they're called for, or they'll be suspicious, or somebody will. That means the money has to be put back at once. That's going to make one awful bulge in your cash. Everybody in the bank is going to wonder at the reason for it—because it'll show in the posting."

"I've thought of that. I don't have to send out all those slips at once. I can send out four or five a day. And then, even if they do come in bunches—the passbooks, I mean—I can issue the new books, and then make the adjustments on the cards and in my cash little by little—I mean three or four hundred dollars a day. That's not much."

NO, but while that's going on, we're completely defenseless. We've got our chins hanging out and no way in the world of putting up a guard. I mean, while you're holding out those adjustment entries, so you can edge them in gradually, your cash doesn't balance the books. If *then* something happened—so I had to call for a cash audit on the spot, or if I got called away to the home office for a couple of days, or something happened to you, so you couldn't come to work—then watch that ship go out of water. You might get away with it, but it'll have to be done, everything squared up, before your next check on cash. That's twenty-one days from now. And, at that, a three- or four-hundred-dollar bulge in your cash every day is going to look mighty funny. In the bank, I mean."

"I could gag it off. I could say I'm keeping after them to keep their deposits up, as Charles always did."

"It's one sweet mess."

So that was how we did it. She had the slips printed, and began mailing them out, three or four at a time. For the first few days' replacement, the cash replacement I mean, I had enough on my own checking account. For the rest, I had to go out and plaster my house. It took about a week, and I had to start an outside account, so nobody in the bank would know what I was up to. I took eight



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thousand bucks, and if you don't think that hurt, you never plastered your house.

Of course it would be our luck that when the first of those books came in, she was out to lunch, and I was on the window myself. I took in the book and receipted for it, but Church was only three or four feet away, running a column on one of the adding machines. She heard what I said to the depositor, and was at my elbow before I even knew how she got there.

"I can do that for you, Mr. Bennett. I'll only be a minute, and there'll be no need for him to leave his book."

"Well—I'd rather Mrs. Brent handled it."

"Oh, very well, then."

She switched away in a huff.

That night I warned Sheila.

"That Church can bust it up. She horned in today; wanted to balance a book for me. I had to chase her."

"Leave her to me."

"For heaven's sake, don't let her suspect anything."

"I won't. Don't worry."

From then on we made a routine out of it. She'd get in three or four books, ask the depositors to leave them with her till next day. She'd tell me the exact amount she needed that night. I'd hand her that much in cash. Next day she'd slip it into her cashbox, then make out new pass-books and have them ready when the depositors called. Every day we'd be that much nearer home, both praying that nothing would tip it before we got the whole replacement made.

ONE night, maybe a week after we started putting the money back, they had the big dinner dance for the whole organization. I guess about a thousand people were there, in the main ballroom of one of the Los Angeles hotels, and it was a pretty nice get-together. They don't make a pep meeting out of it. The Old Man doesn't like that kind of thing. He just has a kind of family gathering, makes them a little speech, and then the dancing starts, and he stands around watching them enjoy themselves. I guess you've heard of A. R. Ferguson. He's founder of the bank, and the minute you look at him you know he's a big shot. He's not tall but he's straight and stocky, with a little white mustache that makes him look like some kind of military man.

Well, we all had to go, of course. I sat at the table with the others from the branch, Miss Church, and Helm, and Snelling, and Snelling's wife, and Sheila.

After the banquet, when the dancing started, I went over to shake hands with the Old Man. He asked how I was, and then:

"How much longer do you think you'll be out there in Glendale?"

An icy feeling began to go over me. If he yanked me now, and returned me to the home office, there went all chance of completely covering that shortage.

"Why, I tell you, Mr. Ferguson, if you can possibly arrange it, I'd like

to stay out there till after the first of the month."

"... So long?"

"Well, I've found some things out there that are well worth studying. Fact of the matter, I had thought of writing an article about them in addition to my report. I thought I'd send it to the American Banker, and if I could have a little more time—"

"In that case, take all the time you want."

"I thought it wouldn't hurt us any."

QUESTIONS



1—He is called the "father of the TVA," the government agency which built the dam that bears his name. When his present term as senior senator from a Western state ends, he will have served in Congress for forty years as both Republican and Independent. In the House of Representatives he led the fight against the powers of "Uncle Joe" Cannon. Whose early photograph is this?

2—The U.S.M.S. North Star, which recently gave relief provisions to the Pitcairn Islanders, was on its way to what land?

3—Weight for weight, which of these is the strongest structural material: steel, plywood, or solid wood?

4—What saint is the special protector of travelers on both land and sea?

5—Does each camera lens have one particular aperture at which it is sharpest?

6—Father Dearborn and Father Knickerbocker are often used as the symbols of what cities?

7—If Mary's mother's age is half the sum of her father's age and Mary's age, and her father's and mother's ages total 100, and both their ages are prime numbers, how old is Mary?

8—What U. S. President said, after his retirement, that his only regret was that he had not shot Henry Clay and hanged John Calhoun?

9—Why is the Twentieth Amendment to the Constitution called the "lame duck" amendment?

10—On what special day of the year are pancakes a traditional food?

11—Was Gulliver's Travels, the color cartoon, produced by Walt Disney, Max Fleischer, or Alfred Hitchcock?

12—If you were going to Oceania, would you arrive sooner by sailing east from New York or west from San Francisco?

13—Which can the human body forego the longer, food or water?

14—Who killed a fourth part of all the people of the world?

15—Does air, under normal conditions, contain approximately 90 per cent, 60 per cent, or 20 per cent of oxygen?

16—Who made these numbers famous in sports because they used them: 3, 77, and 4?

17—The ship Victory was in what battle on October 21, 1805? Who was her commander?

18—What animals had the following names, which are also titles of books about them: Moby Dick, Black Beauty, and Bambi?

19—If the earth did not rotate on its own axis, how many sunsets and sunrises would there be during the year?

20—Who was called the Swedish Nightingale? (Answers will be found on page 41)

My mouth did it all. I was standing behind it, not knowing what was coming out from one minute to the next. I hadn't thought of any article up to that very second. I felt like a heel, and all the worse on account of the fine way he treated me. We stood there a few minutes, he telling me how he was leaving for Honolulu the next day, but he'd be back within the month, and looked forward to reading what I had to say as soon as he came back. Then he motioned in the

direction of the crowded dance floor.

"Who's that girl in red?"

"Mrs. Brent."

"Oh, yes. I want to speak to her."

We did some broken-floor dodging and got over to where Sheila was dancing with Helm. They stopped, and I introduced the Old Man, and he asked how Brent was coming along after the operation, and then cut in on Helm, and danced Sheila off.

I wasn't in much of a humor when I met her outside later and took her home.

"What's the matter, Dave?"

"Couldn't quite look the Old Man in the eye, that's all."

"If you have got cold feet and want to quit, there's nothing I can say."

"All I got to say is I'll be glad when we're clear of that heel, and can kick him out of the bank and out of our lives."

"In two weeks it'll be done."

"How is he?"

"He's leaving the hospital Saturday, but the doctor insists that he go up to Arrowhead to get his strength back. He'll be there three or four weeks. He has friends there."

"What have you told him?"

"Nothing."

"He had an ulcer, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"I was reading in a medical magazine the other day what causes it. Do you know what it is?"

"No."

"Worry."

"So?"

"It might help the recuperating process if he knew it was O. K. about the shortage. Lying in a hospital, with a thing like that staring you in the face, that may not be so good. For his health anyway."

"What am I to tell him?"

"That you've fixed it up."

"If I tell him I've fixed it up so nobody is going to know it, he knows I've got some kind of assistance in the bank. That'll terrify him, and I don't know what he's likely to do about it. He may speak to somebody, and the whole thing will come out. And who am I going to say has let me have the money so I can put it back? You?"

"Do you have to say?"

"No. I don't have to say anything at all, and I'm not going to. The less you're involved in this the better. Besides, it won't hurt that young man to do quite a little suffering over what he's done to me—and to you."

"It's up to you."

"He knows something's cooking, all right, but he doesn't know what. I look forward to seeing his face when I tell him I'm off to—where did you say?"

"... I said Reno."

"Do you still say Reno?"

"I don't generally change my mind, once it's made up."

"You can, if you want to."

"Shut up."

WE kept on putting the money back, and I kept getting jitterier every day. I kept worrying that something would happen—that

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maybe the Old Man hadn't left a memo about me before he went away, and that I'd get a call to report to the home office; that maybe Sheila would get sick and somebody else would have to do her work; that some depositor might think it was funny, the slip he had got to bring his book in, and begin asking about it somewhere.

One day she asked me to drive her home from the bank. By that time I was so nervous I never went anywhere with her in the daytime, and even at night I never met her anywhere that somebody might see us. But she said one of the children was sick, and she wanted a ride in case she had to get stuff from the drug-store that the doctor had ordered, and that anyway nobody was there but the maid and she didn't matter. By that time Brent had gone to the lake to get his strength back, and she had the house to herself.

So I went. It was the first time I'd ever been in her home, and it was fixed up nice, and smelled like her, and the kids were the sweetest little pair you ever saw.

The older one that was five was named Anna, and the younger one that was three was named Charlotte. She was the one that was sick. She was in bed with a cold, and took it like a little soldier. Another time, it would have tickled me to death to sit and watch her boss Sheila around, and watch Sheila wait on her and take the bossing just like that was how it ought to be. But now I

couldn't even keep still that long. When I found out I wasn't needed, I ducked, and went home and filled up some more paper with the phony article I had to have ready for the Old Man when he got back. It was called, Building a Strong Savings Department.

WE got to the last day before the monthly check on cash. Six hundred dollars had to go into her box that day, over and above the regular day's receipts. It was a lot, but it was a Wednesday, the day the factories all around us paid off, and deposits were sure to be heavy, so it looked like we could get away with it. We had all the passbooks in. It had taken some strong-arm work to get the last three we needed, and what she had done was go to those people the night before, like Brent had always done, and ask where they'd been, and why they hadn't put anything in savings. By sitting around a few minutes she managed to get their books, and then I drove her over to my place and we checked it all up. Then I gave her the cash she needed, and it looked like she was set.

But I kept wanting to know how she stood, whether it had all gone through like we hoped. I couldn't catch her eye and I couldn't get a word with her. They were lined up at her window four and five deep all day long, and she didn't go out to lunch. She had sandwiches and milk sent in. On Wednesday they send out

two extra tellers from the home office, to help handle the extra business, and every time one of them would go to her for help or something, and she'd have to leave her window for a minute, I'd feel the sweat on the palms of my hands and lose track of what I was doing. I'm telling you it was a long day.

Along about two thirty, though, it slacked off, and by five minutes to three there was nobody in there, and at three sharp Adler, the guard, locked the door. We went on finishing up. The home-office tellers got through first, because all they had to do was balance one day's deposits, and around three thirty they turned in their sheets, asked me to give them a count, and left. I sat at my desk, staring at papers, doing anything to keep from marching around and tip it that I had something on my mind.

About quarter to four there came a tap on the glass, and I didn't look up. There's always that late depositor trying to get in, and if he catches your eye you're sunk. I went right on staring at my papers, but I heard Adler open, and then who should be there but Brent, with a grin on his face, a satchel in one hand, and a heavy coat of sunburn all over him.

Will Brent's unexpected homecoming upset Sheila's and Dave's plans? Can he win his wife back from the man who loves her? The dramatic events which follow his sudden appearance are revealed next week.

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FATHER DARCY

and the Beloved Blackguard

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

THE warden saw him to the gate and shook his hand. "The men will miss you," he said, "and I have an idea you'll miss them."

"Miss them, will I?" Father Darcy cried, with enough bluster to cover any catch in his voice. "Miss the likes of them, the blackguards?"

"Blackguards or not, it's been twenty-two years. That's a long time."

"Too long," growled the priest. "I'm well out of it." He pressed the warden's hand and cleared his throat noisily. "I—I— Take good care of them," he said and strode to his car without looking back. The gate clanged shut and Father Darcy was

cut off at last from his flock of black sheep.

It *had* been a long time. He'd been in his prime when he came as chaplain to the state penitentiary, and he was getting on now. His huge lumbering bulk, his massive head, bald on top and fringed with red around the ears, his long swinging arms had become as much a part of the prison scene as the guard who watched incessantly from the machine-gun tower overlooking the yard. His deep-throated banter was as familiar as the gong that summoned the men to their meals. And now, under the doctor's orders—exile. They called it "a well deserved change after years of hard work," but it was exile just the same.

The news of his leaving, when it

spread, had hung over the prison. There were few who did not like him—and these were the bitter ones who were past liking any man. The others showed how they felt by crowding the prison chapel to hear his last sermon. He preached on brotherly love in the blunt language they understood, and there was tangible evidence of his oratory: Three contraband knives were found abandoned in the pews after the men marched out. This touched Father Darcy deeply, for he knew how long it took a man to file a spoon into a satisfactory shiv.

The next day he made a final tour, plodding from workshop to cell block, berating one man, encouraging the next, and wishing them all well. He then went alone into the bare room with the high-backed chair where he had stood so often to help men die. He stood a moment with his head bowed. And finally he blew his bulbous nose noisily and stamped back to his office to pack his last things and be off.

The parish he had been offered was in the village of Pearl Falls, which nestled in a valley thirty miles to the south. He had never seen it, but he

He stood still. "How are you this morning, Benny?" he called to the trees.

A priest and a plot! A heart-warming tale
of prison walls and man's loyalty to man

BY MATT TAYLOR

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

knew he would have a young curate to help him, and that there was a trim white church with a white house beside it. It was called, to make the contrast with his past complete, All Saints' Church. "From all sinners to All Saints," he chuckled as he drove. "I hope the shock of it won't do me in."

And it almost did just that the first Sunday he took the pulpit. He found he couldn't talk—there was a lump in his throat that felt as big as his fist. It was the children who did it. For years he had looked down on the hard bitter faces of men in prison gray. And now he saw, filling the first ten pews, the bright freshly scrubbed faces of children raised up to him, their eyes warm with friendliness. "Confound the young ones!" he muttered impiously. "They've done me in completely!"

BUT despite the strangeness, he was content at first. His curate was an agreeable young man, his people friendly, his church cheerful, and his housekeeper an excellent cook. Before a month was out his blood pressure descended to safe levels. He ate well and slept soundly.

But the inevitable had to happen. Before long he grew lonely for the wars. He presided properly over the cake sales of the Ladies' Aid, but all the time his mind was with the boys in the pen. He heard not the babble of the good ladies' voices but the deep rumble from a group in the yard that might be a fight in the making. There was no telling what might be happening without him on hand to hammer some sense into their skulls.

So it was almost with a sense of triumph that he heard the curate say one morning at breakfast, "One of your friends got away last night."

Father Darcy seized the newspaper from the young man's hands and read hurriedly. It wasn't an organized break. A convict named Benny Vigo, with only three more years to serve for forgery, had hidden himself in an empty oil drum and ridden unmolested through the gates on some contractor's truck. He'd had a two hours' start before he was missed, and there was no telling which way he was heading.

Father Darcy shook his massive head. He remembered Benny well—a tough and wiry young man, silent and aloof and hard to get to. Father Darcy had worked hard on Benny, and now Benny, left to himself, had lost his head. He'd be shot, like as not—the guards wasted no time on preliminaries when a convict was loose. And if he was brought back hurt, he'd be asking for his old friend Father Darcy. And if Father Darcy wasn't there—

But he pulled up his thoughts. It was no longer any affair of his; it was outside his parish. He had exchanged his black sheep for white, and though he still had a soft spot in his heart for the black ones, there was nothing to be done about it. He finished breakfast, found his hat, and

started out to make some morning calls.

He was at his front gate when the white-hooded car of the state police streaked past. This road was not part of its regular patrol. A hopeful look came into the priest's eyes and he walked rapidly in the direction of the local police station.

Chief Staddard looked up at him glumly. "There's trouble in town this morning," he said.

"A few drunk-and-disorderlys," chided Father Darcy. "Do you call that trouble?"

"The escaped con," said the chief. "They think he's headed this way."

Father Darcy nodded excitedly.

"But they're not sure?"

They were sure enough, it seemed.



MATT TAYLOR

was born in New York City and educated at Fordham University. He has done newspaper and advertising work and was for several years in Hollywood, writing screen adaptations and dialogue. He now spends all his time writing fiction which appears in many popular magazines. His home is in Rye, N. Y.

A farmer had given the man a lift at dawn. The description fitted, though the man wasn't in prison clothes. So the state troopers were out, and the guards from the pen, and the sheriff in Pearl City was forming a posse. They were watching the roads around town, and they were sending for the hounds.

Father Darcy went out again into the street, his eyes thoughtful. He had studied no heavy tomes on psychiatry, but he had watched the criminal mind function, or nonfunction, over a long period of years. Benny, he decided, would know he was in danger as soon as he left the farmer, who had been openly suspicious. So Benny would take to the fields. From Tower Hill to the north he could get the lay of the land. He'd see the village in the valley, and the small twisting river, and Arnold's woods beyond it. He'd cross the river, not by the bridge, but by wading through it in the hope of throwing the dogs off the scent. He might wade downstream a quarter of a mile and come out in Arnold's woods, which ran alongside the public golf course, and try to lay low until dark.

Father Darcy reached this point in his deductions, and his eye lit up. Now that he thought of it, it was a fine day for golf. And the course was inside the parish limits!

THE Pearl Falls public golf course was the best the village could do, but it wasn't much. On week-ends, when the crowds were out, there were caddies available, but today Father Darcy parked his car near the small clubhouse and marched forth with his bag of clubs on his own shoulder.

He drove down the fairways with a slice that was horrible to see, and landed in the rough as often as not.

And once in the rough, which bordered the woods, he was leisurely about coming out. He would sit on a rock, peer into the thick trees, and proceed reluctantly at last with his game. As he drove toward the twelfth hole his slice was worse than ever. The ball landed at the edge of the woods and was lost. He thrashed around with his club, but his eyes were not on the ground, as they should be. They peered into the thick growth hopefully. And finally he stood very still and cleared his throat. "And how are you this morning, Benny?" he called to the trees.

No answer came. Father Darcy sat on a rock. "You can hold your tongue well enough," he sang out, "but you go clumping through the brush like a hungry bull moose. And I saw you clear as day when you jumped behind that tree."

All was silence. The priest sighed and mopped his forehead with his huge handkerchief. "You'd better wait where you are," he warned, "until this twosome goes through." The two golfers drove straight down the fairway and passed by. "Come out now, Benny," called Father Darcy, "and we'll have a bit of a talk."

In back of him came the sound of a branch cracking underfoot. Then quiet again. "What's keeping you, lad?" demanded Father Darcy angrily. "Don't you know they have you spotted? If they have the sense of babes they'll know you took to the woods. If you stay there much longer you'll have the hounds yapping at the cuffs of your pants."

AND then the crackling underfoot sounded again and kept up. Father Darcy arose from his rock and faced a wiry narrow-eyed young man who no longer wore prison gray but a tight-fitting serge suit with a soft hat low over his eyes.

The priest chuckled and his eyes danced. "Look at him, will you!" he cried delightedly. "Just look at the cut of him!" His glance traveled over Benny Vigo and he saw Benny's hand in his pocket and the way the pocket bulged. "And where did you get the rod, lad?" he asked. Benny's lips stayed tight shut, and the priest shrugged. "Your pals on the outside," he went on. "They hid the rod and the clothes and they were waiting for you to find if you ever saw the chance for a break. Isn't that the way it was?"

Benny Vigo stood glaring and silent.

"You were never one for talking," continued the priest. "But no matter. Though I'd like to know what made you do it." He saw anger twist Benny's mouth, saw the cheeks sucked in to form twin hollows in his thin face. "Ah, well," mused Father Darcy, "you were a wee bit on edge. I know how the boys get. And where do you go from here?"

"Never mind where. I'll make it."

"Not if I turn you in, lad."

The convict took a quick step for-

ward. "You ain't turnin' me in!" he said quietly.

"Ain't I now?" asked Father Darcy with lively interest. "And would you let me have it if I tried?"

Benny wet his lips. "I—I can take care of myself."

"That's a great question, my boy."

From behind them came shouts from the woods. The last color went out of Benny's face. "They're closing in!" he whispered.

"And what did you think they'd be doing?" demanded Father Darcy gruffly. "Coming with bon-voyage baskets?" He watched Benny's hand come from his pocket; saw the knuckles white over the gun he held.

"No, Benny! Put it away, lad!" The convict had put Father Darcy between himself and the woods. "They ain't takin' me back! I—"

"Quick! They'll be coming. Hide your rod and sling this bag. They haven't the hounds yet."

"What's the angle? Come clean! If you—"

"Oh, you ninny! Will you be quick? Can't an old man have a cad-die to carry his clubs when he's playing a bit of golf? Now keep your eye on the ball."

FATHER DARCY dropped a new ball and drove. He was on the twelfth green when the men appeared at the edge of the woods. They looked off at the distant golfer and his cad-die holding the flag, and they looked away again. The priest sank his putt neatly. Benny replaced the flag. Some of the fear went out of his eyes. The men were gone. "O. K.," he said. "But why did you do it?"

"Did I want to be caught in the middle with the both of you blazing away? And me the size I am for a target!"

The convict watched him sharply. "You're still a right guy," he said.

"Hand me my driver!" ordered Father Darcy crossly.

Benny plodded behind toward the next tee. They were almost there before he said, "You wouldn't want to hide a guy out, would you?"

"And where would I hide a yegg like you in a respectable town like this?"

"It's my only chance."

The priest teed up leisurely. "The rectory's a nice quiet spot," he murmured. "But 'twould be a great shock to the curate. No, the rectory wouldn't do at all."

"But—"

"Will you be quiet till I drive off!" roared Father Darcy. He swung and the ball sailed low and straight. "No slice!" he cried delightedly. "Did you see it go?" He squinted thoughtfully at the young man beside him. "The roads are watched," he said. "You'd never get through. But a doddering old priest driving along in his car wouldn't be bothered at all. You'd be safe enough lying low in the back of the car."

"You—you ain't kiddin'?"

"My car's parked at the clubhouse near the last hole. Once you're in it,

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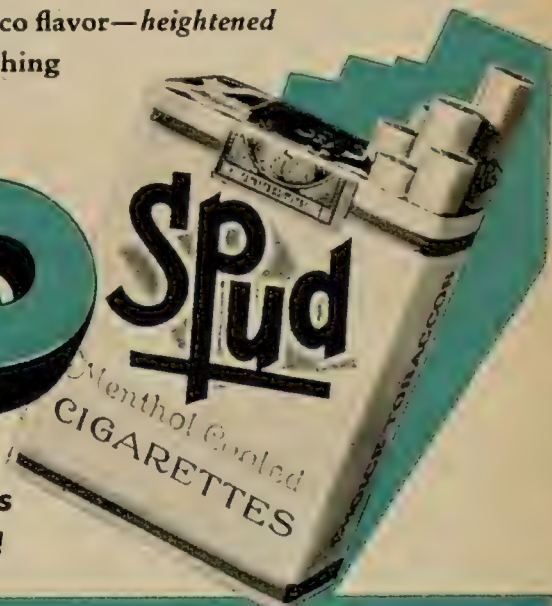
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with your face kissing the floor of the car, we'll be on our way."

Benny wet his lips again. "You're a right guy," he said.

Father Darcy sighed. "Am I? We'll find out soon enough."

THE caretaker at the clubhouse waved a friendly good-by to Father Darcy as his familiar car turned out of the gate. A trooper sped up on his motorcycle, slowed to eye the driver sharply and raced on again. The aged car came to the main highway and swung into it. For a mile Father Darcy drove in silence. Then he said, "Benny?"

"Yeah?" Coming from the floor behind him, Benny's voice was muffled.

"Didn't I say we'd be safe? We've passed four coppers already."

"The damn bulls! We got 'em stopped."

"We have. Just keep lying low."

"And how!" Benny chuckled.

Father Darcy was acting strangely. His face was white. His grip on the wheel tightened. He braced himself, his shoulders set against the back of the seat. "Just keep lying low," he said again, "and we'll be back at the prison in no time at all!"

Perspiration came out on the priest's forehead as he waited. His lips moved soundlessly. He heard a quick movement behind him, and then Benny's voice, hot with the heat of its rage and bitterness: "You crossed me! You—"

"Easy, Benny. I said we'd be on our way once you were safe in the car. Didn't you know there was only one way I could take you? I—"

"Turn the car around!" Benny was kneeling on the floor of the car. His gun touched the priest's back. "You feel that, don't you?"

"Feel it? I'll be black and blue for a week."

"I'll let you have it! You think I won't? I—"

"That's as may be. I'm not as young as I was and I've finished my job. I'm a fish out of water outside the walls."

"Stop talking! Turn the car!"

"It's a one-way car, Benny. It's like me—it can only go in one direction. But I'll drive a bit slower if you'll listen. Do you know why I did it, Benny?"

The gun twisted into Father Darcy's back harder than ever. "Damn you! If you don't—"

"I did it because you're a hunted man with a gun in your hands. When they try to take you, you'll shoot it out. And if they don't get you, you'll get one of them. So you'll go back to the pen. But not in the old cell block. In the little house—"

"I'm goin' to give it to you!"

"—in the little house in back. And if you end up there you don't count the days that are left till you're free. You just count the days that are left. There's a world of difference, lad."

"Half a minute, wise guy! You got half a minute. And then—"

"Make it a minute and I'm through." Father Darcy's voice was no longer harsh. It had become strangely soft and tender and gentle. "Oh, Benny, I've helped so many men pay for their murders! Can't I keep a man, just once before I die, from committing one? You're a crook and a rogue, lad—but you're not a killer." He paused and breathed deeply. "I'm not stopping the car," he went on quietly. "So there's only two things you can do. You can take care of me any way you please and take the car and try to go it alone. You won't get far. There's that choice—and there's the other. You can go back with me—"

"I ain't goin' back!"

"—and serve what's left of your time. Three years'll pass. They always have. And then it's behind you for good and all. Oh, I know what you're thinking! It'll be a longer rap after what you've done. But there's something we can try—though I'll promise you nothing." He paused to shift gears on a long hill. "That's all, Benny," he said. "You've a while to think it over."

The minutes dragged. The cars coming toward them noticed only an aged sedan driven by a homely old priest who looked as though he might be ill. There were a couple of times when the man in back cried out like a beaten child, and once when he cursed like the man he was. And through it all Father Darcy drove leisurely, his shapeless straw hat tipped back and pushing his large ears out flat, his heavy brows drawn down in a furious scowl, his lips moving silently and unbelievably fast.

And suddenly the gun wormed angrily into his back. He held his breath and gave a swift reproachful glance at St. Christopher on the dashboard. Then, before the pain in his back had left him, the gun dropped into the seat at his side. He heard Benny sink to the floor, heard him cry out, his voice torn to shreds, "I can't give it to you! I'll go back!"

Father Darcy relaxed over the wheel. But only for a moment. Then he straightened again. He slowed to take off his hat and find his handkerchief and mop the top of his shining head. He cleared his throat angrily. "So you'll go back!" he barked. "Why didn't you say so sooner? Now I'll tell you what I'm thinking. If you can find the spot where you hid your prison clothes—Oh, stop your whimpering, and listen to me!"

THE guard at the prison gate saw the small car draw up and his face lit with recognition. "Father Darcy!" he cried.

The priest waved. "I thought I'd drop in for a bit of a visit," he said.

The heavy gate swung wide.

"Shall I tell the P. K. you're here?" the guard asked.

"Not a word," said Father Darcy. The first gate closed behind his car, and the second opened in front of it. "I'll surprise him later."

He drove to a point just below the



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bleak mess hall. Then he got out and strolled to the car's rear. The cover of the luggage compartment was not closed as tightly as it should have been, and Father Darcy bent over it.

"Can you hear me?" he whispered. There was a faint tapping from inside.

"A good thing you're a sawed-off shrimp of a man. You got out in a

Patriotic Cartoon Contest Closes February 21

All entries in the Patriotic Cartoon Contest sponsored by Liberty Magazine and Town Hall, New York, must be postmarked on or before February 21. If you plan to submit a drawing in this \$1,800 Cash Prize Competition, make sure that your entry is finished in time to meet this dead line.

You still have time to prepare an entry if you act without delay. If you are not familiar with the rules, Liberty will be glad to furnish them. Write to Patriotic Cartoon Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Now!

barrel and got back in a trunk. The gong'll sound off any minute. They'll be crowding up for supper. Fall right in and you'll not be noticed. Get up in front—the screws'll be in the rear."

The clang of the gong rang out. Father Darcy bent even lower and talked to the license plate. "Ready?" he whispered. "And remember! No more of your damned nonsense!"

The men streamed forth from the two cell blocks. Father Darcy kept out of sight behind his car. Then, when the gray-shirted mass was abreast of him, he pulled open the trunk. "Run for it!" he growled, and stepped back and watched. Benny Vigo, now in his old penitentiary gray, rolled out of the inside of the car, straightened his bent limbs, and ran limpingly until he was lost in the crowd. Father Darcy stood a moment, pulling at his lower chin, and nodding approvingly.

PRICIPAL KEEPER GALLOWAY was red in the face. "I tell you for the tenth time," he cried at Father Darcy, who was comfortable

in the best chair with one of the P. K.'s best cigars, "the man *did* make a break!"

"Did he now?" asked the priest archly. "And can you prove it?"

"Certainly I can prove it!" Galloway waved his arms. "He was missing at the check-up yesterday after supper."

Father Darcy made a clucking noise with his tongue. His broad face shone with innocence and his eyes danced.

"Your men must be getting careless, P. K.," he said.

"You know very well they're not careless. Besides, a farmer saw him and gave him a lift."

"The way I heard it, *that* man was wearing a blue suit. If it was Benny, where's that suit now?"

"I don't know!" roared Galloway. "Do you?"

Father Darcy thought it best to ignore the question. "And who ever heard of a man breaking *into* the pen?" he asked.

"I didn't—until now. But his cell was empty all night."

Father Darcy shook his head in complete bewilderment. "And now he's back in it. It's a strange thing."

Galloway's eyes narrowed. "Now he's back," he said grimly, "and so are you. At exactly the same time. Oh, it's a very strange thing!"

Father Darcy arose. "But since you can't prove a thing but your own carelessness—"

"My *what*?"

"—your own carelessness," continued Father Darcy, "you won't be bringing charges against the lad."

Galloway sputtered helplessly. "I—I—Take it up with the warden!"

"I have," Father Darcy told him. "And it's all right with him if you'll string along." He held out his hand. "And now that it's settled, I'll be on my way. There's a danged card party at the parish hall and I have to play euchre with a horde of females."

DRIVING homeward, Father Darcy was filled with the good resolves that follow true contrition. "You'll do no more of it!" he told himself sharply. "You'll stay in the parish where you belong." He was still resolute when he reached home. But on his desk he found waiting for him a letter from his old friend Dan Daly, as capable a burglar as ever served time. They were letting Dan out next week, after fifteen years. "I must get down to see Dan," murmured Father Darcy contentedly. "He's a fine man, the blackguard."

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

- 1—Senator George Norris, of Nebraska.
- 2—Little America.
- 3—Plywood.
- 4—St. Christopher.
- 5—In the plane of focus, the lens at any opening has the same sharpness.
- 6—Chicago; New York.
- 7—Twenty-three (father, 59; mother, 41).
- 8—Andrew Jackson.
- 9—Because it prevented defeated congressmen from participating in the following session of Congress.
- 10—Shrove Tuesday.
- 11—Max Fleischer.

- 12—West from San Francisco.
- 13—Food.
- 14—Cain, when he killed Abel.
- 15—Twenty per cent.
- 16—Babe Ruth, 3; Red Grange, 77; Lou Gehrig, 4.
- 17—The Battle of Trafalgar; Admiral Nelson.
- 18—A whale; a horse; a deer.
- 19—The sun would rise and set once because of the earth's journey around it.
- 20—

Jerry Lind



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IN CASH PRIZES ENDS IN ANOTHER WEEK

If Your Entry Is Complete to Date
Do Not Fail to Solve the Puzzles
These Last Two Weeks!

STARGAZING Drawings 17 and 18 await your attention on this page. Next week they will be followed by the final pair necessary to complete your entry. Now that the finish line is practically in sight, do not nullify your work by dropping out of the game in the closing strides. Your chance to capture one of the awards is still excellent. But you cannot win unless you submit an entry. It's up to you. The opportunity is here.

As a practiced competitor by this time, you should regard this week's drawings as a challenge rather than an obstacle. Search the stars carefully and make sure that your reading of their revelations is accurate. If you have spare time now, it might be well to check over your earlier solutions. If you intend to send for any of the late-entry reprints, remember last week's announcement that February 20 is the dead line. Requests received later must be returned unfilled.

THE RULES

1. This contest will cover ten weeks, ending in the issue of Liberty dated March 2, 1940.
2. Each week of the contest the names of two prominent stars of radio or pictures will be presented in jumbled form, a total of twenty names to solve.
3. To compete, simply unscramble the jumbled letters of the two names presented each week into their correct order. For instance, the various letters in a puzzle might be B-R-O-C-S-I-N-G-B-Y and could be rearranged to spell BING CROSBY. The scattered letters S-A-M-H-A-N-J-O-R would rearrange into JOAN MARSH. Write your solutions in the space provided under each puzzle. Save all solutions until your set is complete at the end of the game.
4. Then write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining "The feature, story, article, or department in Liberty I have liked best during the ten weeks of this contest, and why." This statement is required with every set of solutions.
5. The entry with the greatest number of correctly solved jumbles, accompanied by the most logical and convincing statement, will be considered the best and will receive the cash \$500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will be awarded the following prizes: \$200 Second Prize; \$100 Third Prize; twenty prizes, each \$10; 200 prizes, each \$5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.
6. Submit entries by first-class mail to Stargazing Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, March 6, the closing date of this contest.
7. Any one may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families. We cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry and no entries will be returned. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Do not submit elaborate entries. Simplicity is best.

SUGGESTION TO CONTESTANTS

If you care to consult an authority for assistance, we suggest Photoplay, Movie Mirror, and Radio Mirror magazines.



NAME

NAME

ABE LINCOLN IN HOLLYWOOD

The movies turn again to the Great Emancipator's career, presenting a thoughtful, moving record of his early years

★ ★ ★ ★ ABE LINCOLN IN ILLINOIS

THE PLAYERS: Raymond Massey, Gene Lockhart, Ruth Gordon, Mary Howard, Dorothy Tree, Harvey Stephens, Minor Watson, Alan Baxter, Howard da Silva, Aldrich Bowker, Maurice Murphy, Louis Jean Heydt, Clem Bevans, Harlan Briggs, Herbert Rudley, Andy Clyde, Roger Imhof, Leona Roberts, Edmund Elton, Florence Roberts, George Rosener, Fay Holm, Trevor Bardette, Syd Saylor, Elisabeth Risdon. Screen play by Robert E. Sherwood based on his own stage drama. Adaptation by Grover Jones. Directed by John Cromwell. Produced by Max Gordon-RKO radio. Running time, 107 minutes.

WHEN he created this Pulitzer Prize play of 1939, Robert Sherwood wrote with simple and moving simplicity of the formative years in the life of the great American who was born in a Kentucky log cabin. These were the years that took Lincoln into pioneer Illinois, that carried him from unsuccessful village storekeeper to prairie lawyer, swept him into politics. Here you see a colossus in the making, irresolute, unsure of himself and his destiny, fighting against fate, finally wavering into the path of greatness.

In the end you see him on the train bound for Washington, the newly elected President of a rebellious and troubled land. At his side is his ambitious, bitter wife. He himself is a lonely figure riding on into history.

Comparison with a recent film Lincoln is inevitable. That visualization was excellent in its way and well acted. This, of course, is a far greater Lincoln study. Sherwood writes with beauty, reverence, and a keen knowledge of his subject. Frequently he uses the actual words of history. Between it all he reveals the strange frontier lad who tried to run away from his fate, was drawn back to it in spite of himself. Here was a man of infinite mercy and humility, of immense and dispassionate humanity, a politically sagacious backwoodsman touched with a strange mysticism. Sherwood is

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME • 7 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY

3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD

1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

vastly aided by Raymond Massey's superb performance of Lincoln. This Lincoln is a rounded, detailed, complete portrait, absorbingly moving through the whole length of the film.

John Cromwell's direction is straightforward storytelling, sans angles and camera tricks. I like Ruth Gordon as sharp-tongued Mary Todd in the later days of her marriage, but some of the other performances leave me cold. Alan Baxter as young Billy Herndon is an exception. You'll remember his work.

VITAL STATISTICS: One hundred and ten players and studio workers moved to location near Eugene, Oregon, along the Mackenzie River, for the early scenes picturing the romance of Lincoln and Ann Rutledge. The Mackenzie played the

Sangamon. Some 2,000 of the 25,000 natives of Eugene were tested for extra parts; 105 hired. Long queues moved in and through the big armory while Director John Cromwell made his selection. On the swift Mackenzie the flatboat scenes were shot. Close by, New Salem of the '30s was built and later partly destroyed. Cost \$100,000. River fogs and dense smoke from raging forest fires held up work over and over again. . . . Surprise! The vivid John Brown, hunted down and captured at Harper's Ferry, is none other than Director Cromwell himself. . . . Raymond Massey and the still photographer of the company, Alexander Paul Kahle, once faced each other in a different locale. Massey was a captain of Canadian field artillery, Kahle a top sergeant of the Prussian Guards. At Ypres they collided—and Massey was wounded. Later he got the British D. S. M. Kahle served through seven years, won the Iron Cross, first and second class. He came over in 1925 to start anew.

★ ★ ★ THE EARL OF CHICAGO

THE PLAYERS: Robert Montgomery, Edward Arnold, Reginald Owen, Edmund Gwenn, E. E. Clive, Ronald Sinclair, Norma Varden, Halliwell Hobbes, Ian Wulf, Peter Godfrey, Billy Bevan. Screen play by Lesser Samuels, based on a story by Charles de Grandcourt and Gene Fowler, adapted from a novel by Brock Williams. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 87 minutes.

LIKE Night Must Fall, this is another Robert Montgomery rebellion against light comedy. Here the star, tired of the film playboy strait jacket, tempts the screen fates again. He plays the orphaned son of an English remittance man who has grown up in Chicago, developed into a ruthless gangster ruling the legitimate liquor racket. Then suddenly he in-

herits a title, a ten-million-dollar British estate and a seat in the House of Lords. Although Montgomery makes Silky Kilmount a bitter illiterate with a tight cruel little giggle and a psychological fear of guns, he is a figure of comedy until he kills—and is brought to trial before the full authority and pomp of British peerage. And when he goes to his death on the scaffold it is a faithful little English serving man who awakens some latent strain of nobility in the dazed gangster and keeps him from dying a coward.

The only touch of femininity in the whole picture is a shot of two



Slightly Honorable hero Pat O'Brien and Eve Arden, one of his weaknesses.

silken legs in Silky's palatial Chicago headquarters.

VITAL STATISTICS: The silken legs belong to Gladys Blake. But you see nothing else of Gladys. The legs have been in Hollywood only nine months. Gladys wears an 8½ stocking, a 4 shoe. . . . Montgomery is a gentleman farmer on the side. Owns an 1812 early-American farmhouse in Putnam County, New York, thirty miles from his birthplace, Beacon. When Edward Arnold was shot by the earl, Montgomery himself was the only casualty. Fairly severe powder burns on the right side of his face. . . . Producer is Victor Saville, pioneer English director who made *The Citadel* and *Goodbye, Mr. Chips*, in England. In fact, this would have been made abroad but for the war. . . . Edmund Gwenn went into the first World War a private, emerged a captain. Appeared on the British stage in *Shaw, Barrie, and Galsworthy*; also appeared on Broadway.

★ ★ ★ SLIGHTLY HONORABLE

THE PLAYERS: Pat O'Brien, Edward Arnold, Broderick Crawford, Ruth Terry, Claire Dodd, Alan Dinehart, Janet Beecher, Phyllis Brooks, Douglass Dumbrille, Bernard Nedell, Eve Arden, Evelyn Keyes, Addison Richards, Douglas Fowley, Howard Hickman, Ernest Truex. Screen play by Ken Englund, adaptation by John Hunter Lay and Robert Tallman, from F. G. Presnell's novel. Directed by Tay Garnett. Produced by Walter Wanger-United Artists. Running time, 85 minutes.

THIS is a murder-mystery yarn in the newer jaunty, whimsical mood. It has a background of crooked politics, in fact it opens with the muttered satirical comments of six worldly wise pallbearers over the coffin of a late lamented state boss. Our hero, a shrewd attorney and none too ethical for all his racket-busting, sets out to clean up the paving graft, and in no time at all the mortality rate takes a jump. The identity of the real killer will surprise you.

Pat O'Brien is the fairly stalwart attorney John Webb, whose weakness

is the ladies and who studies his problems over a highball.

VITAL STATISTICS: This first was called *Send Another Coffin*, after the book original; then *City for Sale*. Next it was *Ladies Know Too Much*. . . . They look upon Ruth Terry, just nineteen, as a discovery but she's been in films for over two years. Real cognomen McMahon. Born in Benton Harbor, Michigan. At twelve she landed a job as soloist with an orchestra, but even before that she had appeared in vaudeville. Later she broke into night-club work. While at the *Chez Paree* in Chicago she was signed by Twentieth Century-Fox. Out in Hollywood she went to studio school, played bits and small roles. Got no place until Walter Wanger signed her for this.

Short reviews:

★ ★ ½ **THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS** (Universal). A sequel to H. G. Wells' *The Invisible Man*, produced in 1933. This concerns Geoffrey Radcliffe's efforts to prove his innocence of the charge of murder. Radcliffe drinks a secret formula on the eve of his execution, becomes invisible, walks out of prison and sets about finding the man really guilty of the killing. The trick stuff will amuse you. Sir Cedric Hardwicke heads a good cast. (82 minutes.)

★ ★ **BROTHER RAT AND A BABY** (Warners). Another sequel. The ex-musketeers of Virginia Military Academy facing life outside. Centers around Bing Edwards, his wife, and their baby, quaintly called *Commencement*. Mildly amusing. (92 minutes.)

★ **GREEN HELL** (Universal). Six heroic explorers and the pretty widow of another in the hot Brazilian jungle searching for Aztec treasures. Very old-fashioned and pretty ham. Still,

there's Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Bennett. (88 minutes.)

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels, That They May Live, Ninotchka, Mr. Smith Goes to Washington, Babes in Arms, Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex, Rulers of the Sea, The Real Glory, The Women, The Rains Came, The Wizard of Oz, Stanley and Livingstone.

★★★½—Of Mice and Men, His Girl Friday, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed, We Are Not Alone, First Love, Eternally Yours, Intermezzo: A Love Story, Disputed Passage, Golden Boy.

★★★—Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Four Wives, Geronimo, Destry Rides Again, That's Right, You're Wrong, Tower of London, Drums Along the Mohawk, The Roaring Twenties, Hollywood Cavalcade, Thunder Afloat, Espionage Agent, Honeymoon in Bali, The Cat and the Canary, Nurse Edith Cavell, Dust Be My Destiny, The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes, The Under-Pup, The Star Maker, Fifth Avenue Girl, Lady of the Tropics, When Tomorrow Comes, The Old Maid, In Name Only, What a Life, Each Dawn I Die, Winter Carnival.

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TYPHOON

OVER NANKING

BY STEVE FISHER

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

PART SIX—CONCLUSION

DR. BERT CLINTON was in the emergency operating room of the hospital. He was clad in white and wore rubber gloves and a gauze mask. There was a patient on the table. Nurses and internes stood grouped about.

Suddenly the door burst open. Clinton glanced up. He was irritated at the distraction. Lee Yuan stood there. The face of the pretty little Chinese girl was nearly bloodless.

"I must see you," she said.

"At this time?" Clinton asked surlily.

"Yes—at once."

"About what?"

"My mistress. Mayo Wells."

"But I heard that she was in Shanghai. Her father and Johnny Morrel were past here less than an hour ago. They are on their way by car to join her."

"It isn't true. Mayo is here. In Nanking."

Clinton shrugged, glanced down at the patient.

"She is with Kai Hiromi," Lee Yuan continued.

Clinton looked up again. He motioned an interne to his side, handed him the delicate surgical instruments. "The incision has been made. Finish in the usual way. It shouldn't be difficult." Then he was moving across

the room, taking off the mask, shrugging out of the white smock. He caught Lee Yuan by the arm and guided her into the hall.

"Now explain."

Lee Yuan was trembling, tense. "All day I searched for Mayo. Then I was told she went to Hiromi's office. Afterward I learned that her father and Johnny Morrel had escaped the city. I knew that something must be wrong. They would have taken her with them if they'd known she was here. And then I discovered—"

"What?"

"—She was taken under personal escort to the temporary residence Hiromi has set up for himself. It means—"

"She's sacrificed," Clinton whispered, "for Johnny and Walter. She—"

Lee Yuan nodded. "We must do something!"

"But what?"

"Help her escape. I can get a sampan—a large one. It doesn't have to be paid for till they reach Shanghai."

"And I'll go to Hiromi's house—"

"No," said Lee Yuan—and her eyes were bright and terrible. "Let

Terror fades, a journey ends in a lovers' meeting—and swiftly the curtain falls

ILLUSTRATED BY A. N. SIMPKIN

He rushed toward Lee to disarm her. He reached for her. Lee Yuan ducked expertly, coolly.



me do that. It will be easier for me. You catch Johnny and her father. Get a machine and go after them! We will need help getting Mayo from Hiromi's residence, and—"

"Of course! I see perfectly." He patted her arm. "You're a brave, intelligent girl. I'll get a car at once, Lee Yuan. You do the rest!"

He raced down the corridor and disappeared around the turn.

Lee Yuan breathed deeply. From her sleeve she withdrew the long thin blade of a knife. Then quickly she sheathed it again, out of sight. She started toward the door.

MAYO stood rigidly; she steeled herself. Hiromi brushed his fingers over her arm; then he lifted her hand and kissed it.

"You like this room?" he asked. She did not reply.

"It will be our home for a while."

She looked past him glassily.

His voice was a smooth purr. "Perhaps I anticipated your company more than I let you know earlier this evening. Perhaps I knew that when your father was arrested you would come to me and ask for his release."

She stared at him, and sheer cold hatred seethed within her.

"So I have taken care to add little things to the house that you will undoubtedly appreciate. Objects, at least, that will make you feel a great deal more at home." He opened the door of a large closet. In it was stored a neat pile of ancient canvases and early Chinese manuscript scrolls. There were other objects, all of them antique. The largest piece was a pure jade screen embedded with tiny jewels.

Mayo gasped. "My father's collection! Then the fire—it was a camouflage for plunder." She whirled. "You're a thief!"

There was a thin smile on Hiromi's lips. "Nanking cost us forty thousand Japanese lives, Mayo. After that you would not deny us a few of the city's priceless treasures?"

"But these did not belong to the city!"

"No; but they were in it. And they belonged to a man who wounded and insulted Japan. A man who betrayed my friendship and sent a Chinese general to murder me." Hiromi bowed slightly, still smiling. "Permit me my bitterness. To every victor there must be the one hour of triumph. This is mine."

He closed the closet door and turned toward her. "This is indeed mine, little one." He grasped her into his arms.

She broke away, backing up. "The whole thing is rotten enough! But you promised marriage."

"Did I?" The queer smile had never left his face. He moved toward her.

She shrank back; her breath was labored. Hiromi came toward her on cat feet. He grabbed her hands and pulled her to him. She fought furiously. She tried to scream, but her

throat was dry. Hiromi was pressing her into his arms. She was beating against his chest . . .

THE road out of Nanking turned and twisted; it was pitted with shell holes, patched with bumpy detours. The sides were littered with abandoned army equipment, half rusted from moisture. The white glare of headlights pushed aside the intense darkness of night, cutting a narrow white tunnel through which the car raced.

Clinton sat at the wheel. He glanced at the speedometer. Forty . . . now forty-five . . . now

down to twenty. A man couldn't make any time at all. He seemed to feel a racing minute hand ticking around the face of his heart. Faster—faster! The car picked up speed. But suddenly a hulk loomed dead ahead of him. Clinton's mouth clamped shut. He slammed on the brakes. The car halted, throwing him forward. The motor shuddered into silence. Clinton had almost rammed another car.

He jerked open the door and got out. "What in the hell do you think—"

A figure, having changed a tire, was fitting the rear wheel onto the other car. He looked up, wiping his muddy face. Then an exclamation broke from his lips:

"Clinton!"

"Johnny Morrel!"

The two men shook hands.

"Flat tire," Johnny said. "I've just finished fixing it. After the excitement of the escape Walter went to pieces. He's been through quite a lot. C'mon around. He'll be glad to—"

"Wait a minute," said Clinton.

Johnny paused, looking the doctor over. "Sure. Say, I thought we told you good-by awhile ago? It never occurred to me to ask how you got here."

"Most of the gates are open now," Clinton said. "Just tonight they began letting people out. Johnny—"

"Yes?"

"Maybe a flat tire is your fate. You've got to come back to Nanking. Mayo's there."

Johnny stared at Clinton incredulously. "You're crazy!"

"I tell you, she is!" Briefly Clinton explained the story and the circumstances. Johnny had gone white.

"Then let's get started! As far as that car of yours will take us back! Why, that—"

"Wait," Clinton snapped. "What about Walter?"

"We'll take him."

"No. You've just told me how his nerves have let down. He's an older man than you; the strain's been great. He thinks Mayo's in Shanghai. It's better that way. Better for him. Tell him a special story has broken in Nanking and you have to go back for it. He can drive. He can go alone until he finds a place to put up for the night. There won't be any trouble from this point."

Johnny nodded. He turned and

moved around to the front of the car. He glanced in through the closed window of the sedan. Walter, who hadn't slept for days, had dozed off. Johnny opened the door. Walter opened his eyes, shook his head.

"Guess I was asleep for a moment. The tire fixed?"

"All but the last touches," Johnny said. Then, as quickly as he could, he related a dramatic story about a news coup that had broken in Nanking. He could scoop it, he said, and still get out of town in time to put it on the wires. Walter could go on alone. Johnny would meet him in Shanghai.

Walter protested, but at last he grinned. "Always a newspaperman! But how will you get back?"

Johnny said that a friend had come for him.

"So long, then," Walter said cheerfully. "Mayo and I will be waiting for you when you get to Shanghai."

Johnny winced.

A few moments later he and Clinton were in the roadster, speeding through the night back toward Nanking.

HIROMI dropped Mayo as though she burned his fingers. His face worked in rage.

"You made a bargain—keep it!"

Mayo pulled her dress back over her shoulder. "A bargain for marriage."

Hiromi laughed shortly. "Do you think I'd marry you? Do you know the respect, the tradition in my name?"

"I know this," Mayo said suddenly. "After you locked me in here you dismissed all of your servants and soldier guards. And I know why."

"Do you?"

"Yes. Because if the government of which you are an officer knew what you had done—knew, even, that you had arrested my father, an American, for the reason that you did—"

"Shuddup!" Hiromi said. His face was a contorted mask; rage writhed within him like a monster.

"If they knew the strings you were pulling, the use you were making of your office, just so that you could take a white woman—"

He came toward her, consumed with hot anger.

"They'd put you against a wall. They'd shoot you as a traitor! You've had command here, and you've used it to your own ends. Japan, whatever faults it might have, could not be so bad as the character of one of its officers!"

He reached her now. He cuffed her across the face.

Mayo sank to her knees. There was blood on her cheek.

Hiromi jerked her upright, held her limply in front of him.

She laughed hysterically. She laughed into his face. "Go on, swine!" she said. "That is all you are—a swine. Not as good as your common enlisted men. Go on—slap and beat me! But all that I have told you is the truth . . ."

He was speechless with murderous hatred and rage. He choked out a few Japanese words, but they were lost in the broad hiss of his breathing. He ripped at her clothing. His teeth flashed. And then suddenly he pressed one hand back against her shoulder and held her pinned to the wall. Mayo screamed.

A key turned in the door. It opened. Lee Yuan stood there. Hiromi was trembling, shaking, but he turned. Lee Yuan's saffron face was a mask.

"No servants, no guards," she whispered. "Even the incredible Kai Hiromi leaves a weak link by which no chain can be strong."

A curse broke from Hiromi's lips. He raced across the room, opened a drawer, brought out an automatic. He aimed it toward the door and opened fire.

TIRES screaming, undercarriage squeaking and groaning, the car raced along the dark road.

"Can't this jalopy get up and move?" Johnny pleaded. "Can't you get any speed out of it?"

"If we went any faster we'd take off and fly the rest of the way in," Clinton breathed.

Johnny fidgeted miserably, anxiously. With one hand he held onto the side. Then the city wall grew suddenly before them. The gate was open.

The car came bouncing and leaping toward it. Four Japanese guards jumped out in front, blocking the way. They held crossed bayonets. A moment later they screamed and ran for cover. The roadster roared on through like the salvo from a fourteen-inch gun.

"Faster," said Johnny. "Faster!"

HIROMI'S hand was shaking. He was almost blind with fury. The shots missed. Badly—by several feet. Lee Yuan came swiftly across the room. Mayo gasped. She saw a long blade flash. It was in Lee Yuan's hand. Hiromi rushed toward Lee, to disarm her. He reached out his hands for her.

Lee Yuan ducked expertly, coolly. She ducked down and under, and came up close to Hiromi's heaving bosom. Her face was tight; her lips were twisted into a smile. With both hands she pressed the blade into Hiromi's body. With both hands she brought it down, slashing him.

Hiromi's scream echoed through the room.

Lee Yuan let go of the knife, turned. She motioned toward Mayo. They moved quickly toward the door. Then Mayo stopped. It was madness to pause.

"The closet," she said. "My father's treasures."

"We have time," Lee Yuan whispered. "There is no one here."

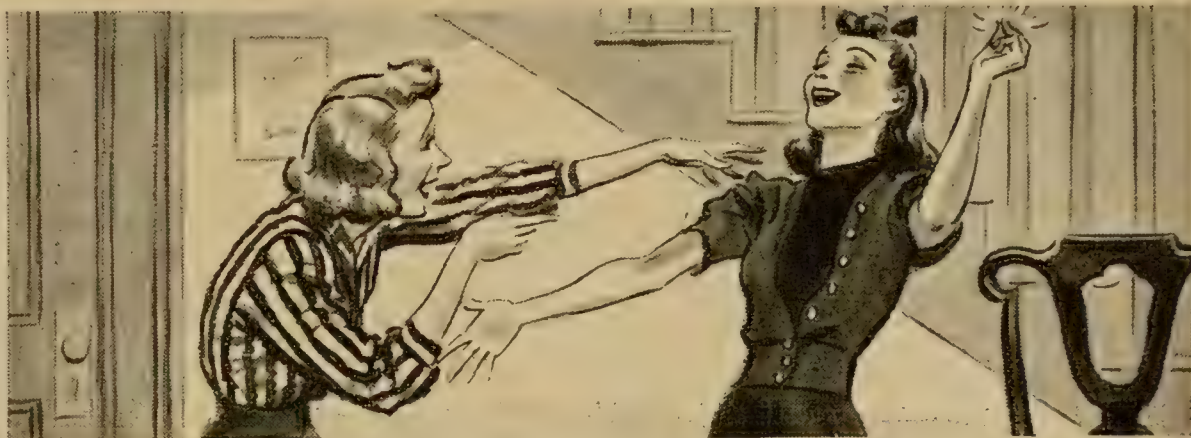
They moved to the closet. Mayo's hands shook. They piled all of the scrolls and objects onto the jade screen. They carried them out of the room between them. Mayo saw

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Williamson



Sue: No use, Anne! We'll never find a girl for Junior!



Anne: I know what he needs! It's more *pep appeal*! Look at what he eats. How can he expect to feel right? I'll bet he isn't getting all his vitamins.

Sue: Vitamins! Pep! That gives me an idea. I know a perfectly grand breakfast cereal called KELLOGG'S PEP that's extra rich in two of the important vitamins, B₁ and D. We'll start him tomorrow.



Junior: (next day) Say! While you two were lecturing me about vitamins, why didn't you tell me what a swell *cereal* PEP is. Best I ever tasted. It's me for it every day!



The Girls: (sometime later) Well, where there's pep there's hope!

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

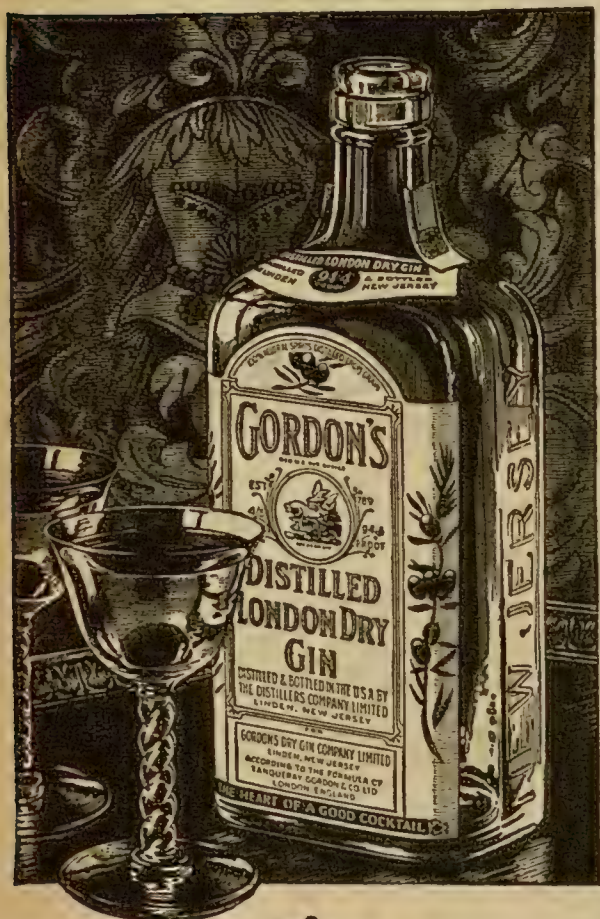
Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of vitamin B₁, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK

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*It's an
advantage
to know*

DRINKS NEVER
TASTE THIN
WITH
GORDON'S GIN



*and an
advantage to
remember*

GORDON'S HAS
THE ADVANTAGE
OF
LIQUEUR QUALITY
& HIGH PROOF
94.4

**Gordon's
Gin**

100% Neutral Spirits
Distilled from Grain

Copyright 1939, Gordon's Dry Gin Co., Ltd., Linden, N. J.

Hiromi lying there as they passed. Outside, there were Japanese soldiers patrolling the streets; but they paid little attention to them. Nanking was comparatively quiet.

Lee said: "We must wait here. Johnny is coming."

"But what if some one sees us—if they find out—"

They heard a car banging and wheezing; a roadster that had a flat tire.

HIROMI breathed softly and lifted himself. His face was stoic to the pain. He pushed himself up and sat cross-legged. He looked down at the knife, and the blood that soaked his middle. He must stop Mayo's escape. He tried to move, but he could not. A terrible sigh rattled from his throat. His eyelids were heavy.

He was dying.

It suddenly occurred to him that it was quite natural that he should die, and that there was one last thing he could do to assure honor to his soul. He would cheat his murderers. And fate. There could be nothing in the world more horrible than for him to lose face in these last few moments. And he would lose face if they discovered him and realized that he had died at the hands of a Chinese. He tightened his lips and removed the knife from his stomach.

There was still time for hara-kiri.

He was due for trouble from headquarters. He knew that. They might guess that he had known it and had taken this honorable way out. So it would be hara-kiri now. A long, painful death, but sweet with the visage of nobility. He was not wearing the official funeral robe; nor could he, in these circumstances, adhere to the strict regulation demanded in the sacred ceremony. But they would say it was hara-kiri performed as well as could be expected in a foreign country.

He was grateful that the Chinese girl had used a knife and not a gun.

Grimly he put the knife against his body. He took it in both hands and pressed the blade into himself. Sweat rolled from his cheeks and his lips were thin and hard against his teeth. He thought of his boyhood in Japan; of cherry blossoms and Mama Sans; his first baseball game, and his first drink of beer. How later, in the army, he had grown hard—and harder still. As a lieutenant he was hated. Discipline . . . the empire . . . samurai. Talk of Korea. Years later, the conquest of China. This conquest. The glory of the army. Guns roaring, tanks rolling, men running, rifles cracking, bayonets tearing flesh, men screaming, men dying.

He carved the knife across his body, then brought it back the other way.

His trouble had been greed and avarice, passion . . . the weakness of flesh, unthinkable in an officer. Ah, but he could die without wincing! He could sit here with his legs crossed

and make himself suffer a thousand deaths for the sins of his life.

Hara-kiri was such sweet torture!

It was intensely dark, and the sampan was moored in the shadow of still greater darkness. Johnny and Mayo were inside. A coolie stood in the stern. Lee Yuan and Clinton arrived with the last of Walter Wells' art treasures. They handed them in.

"The boat is big—and river worthy," Lee Yuan said. "You will make Shanghai without any trouble."

"But, darling," said Mayo, "you're coming along."

Dr. Clinton stood just behind her.

"No," Lee Yuan said. "I am not known in Nanking. No one will know that I put the knife in Hiromi. And I must stay here. There is much good that I can do. I can be a nurse. I can help those less fortunate than myself. It is not through patriotism that I stay, but compassion. For through pain, Mayo, womanhood has been born to me."

She smiled gently. "Perhaps some day—"

Mayo stood up. She kissed Lee Yuan on the cheek.

Clinton blew his nose emotionally. "You two had better be going," he said. "There's work for Lee and me."

"You're staying also?"

Clinton nodded. "I'm a doctor," he said simply.

Johnny was gazing at him curiously. "I remember you said you came to Nanking to forget you were a doctor and to drink yourself to death."

"Events so easily change a viewpoint, even a man's whole life," Clinton said. "I never told you why I came from Shanghai—dissipated and a wreck. It was because I had a wife and a three-year-old baby. I had a good post at the hospital. I liked China. Everything a man could want had come to me." Clinton paused. "I guess I was too happy. During one of the bombings—"

"I see," Johnny said.

"Both of them," Clinton went on, "the wife and the kid . . . and me too, I thought, because I was empty and alone and life wasn't worth living. I didn't think there was any use going on. I wanted to quit—and I did." He was silent for a moment. "But Nanking, its suffering and its bleeding and the things I saw here, changed me. I put my hands in my pockets and looked in the mirror, but my reflection was holding its nose. I was selfish and narrow. There was one thing I hadn't considered."

"What was that?"

"Humanity," Clinton said softly.

He waved good-by then, and the sampan pushed off. Johnny held Mayo close to him. Dr. Clinton and Lee Yuan stood on the shore, waving. They stood there, a man and a woman; and behind them, flickering brightly and stretching endlessly into the night, stood the city of Nanking.

THE END



THE GOLD RUSHERS

Excitement in Gay Paree!
New hazards enter a mad
merry-go-round of mirth

Words and Picture by
BERT GREEN

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WELL, boys and girls, any time you think that Paris is centered around the Opera House, the Champs Elysées and the Bois de Boulogne, you have another guess coming. If you don't believe me, try flying through its boulevards caged in the back of a Rolls-Rough with a bunch of hysterical countesses screaming and a crazed French chauffeur shouting: "I weell *keell* her! I weell *keell* myself! I weell *keell* us all!"

Convinced he meant it, I opened my bag to primp up before the end came. I always had a horror of being found an untidy corpse.

There is a tradition in Gay Paree that if you stroll by the Café de la Paix you will meet somebody you know. Well, we didn't exactly stroll by, but as we rounded a corner from the Boulevard des Capucines onto the Avenue de l'Opéra, one of our front wheels decided to go on leave of absence. The result was the cab turned over amid chairs, tables, and excited waiters. As the customers scrambled for cover, ambulances came from all directions and started to untangle us. While I lay there, half bewildered, I opened my peepers and gazed through a silk stocking into the face of Count Félix de Theigh, the very man we were tailing. His face was tattooed on the calf of a countess's leg!

After we got ourselves unscrambled, we ordered a few shots of French cognac and watched the gendarmes load the goofy chauffeur into the hurry-buggy for a stay in the bastille. After the cognac began to percolate, the countesses forgot their bruises and threatened to walk across the English Channel if they could only lay their mitts on the phony Count.

Not wishing to leave my boy friend alone in Paris in that awful spook joint, I delayed our departure by persuading the tipsy damsels to return to their hotel while I called Le Bour-

get airport to find out when the next plane was taking off for London.

After slipping the tattooed countess the information, I raced upstairs to Grosvenor's room and found it still empty. As I stood there wondering, I heard a sobbing noise coming from Lenora's direction.

"For the love of Pete, what's biting you?" I asked, bouncing into her room.

She raised her head from the pillow and blubbered that Regan had gone whacky and proposed to her.

"Well, what's wrong with that?" I asked. "Every time you get a chance you muff it!"

From what I could learn, it seems when Regan proposed to her, she defrosted him by telling him she wouldn't marry him until he could give her a clean bill of health regarding his activities with the Count. This Regan decided to do. Then he departed for the spook joint in hopes of finding Grosvenor. While she sat there moaning, I told her of *my* wild ride through Paris, and when I cracked about Grosvenor's fade-out in the spook den she let out an ungodly scream.

"The apaches!" she yelled.

"What do you mean, apaches?"

"Mean?" she wailed. "It means we came over to Europe to marry a couple of wealthy guys and now we'll return with a pair of dead ones on our hands!"

Honestly, I almost swooned. I imagined I could see Grosvenor and Regan in the sewers of Paris with their throats cut and rats scampering around them. While we were pondering over their whereabouts, there came a knock on the door.

"Who's there?" we yelled.

The door swung open and in walked our two Romeos as big as life. Really, they were a mess. Grosvenor's left eye was closed tighter than a Greek bank and the ex-fighter's nose was pushed to port and a goodly smattering of claret adorned his sports coat.

Jumping to my feet, I gasped: "For the love of Mike, what happened?"

Grosvenor ignored my question and looked at his wrist watch. The next thing I knew, I was being escorted to my room and told to pack in a hurry—we were flying to London. Then he slipped me the entire story.

According to him, when he stole into the hide-away to gun the contents of the Count's desk, Regan crawled through a window and in the semidarkness took Grosvenor for the Count. Without hesitating, Regan sneaked up behind him and swung a terrific right to his lamp and the brawl started.

When I ankled into Lenora's room and broke the news that we were going to London, she yelled: "Do you mean I have to leave Regan in Paris?"

Honestly, she's so dumb she thinks Bernard Shaw is a Scotch summer resort. Anyway, while she was stewing over the situation, Grosvenor knocked on the wall, calling: "Mrs. J. Edgar Hoover, you're wanted on the phone!"

"Mrs. J. Edgar Hoover!" I gasped. When I heard that, I bounded for my room and found the floor littered with all my personal belongings.

"What's the meaning of this?" I demanded of Grosvenor. "You've got a nerve perusing my things!"

"I'm sorry, Beverly," he replied with a roguish look, "but they dropped out of your bag. As I started to replace them, I couldn't help but notice *you* were employed by the U. S. government *secret service*, too."

Well, girls, you can imagine my feelings. Ever since I sailed from New York I managed to keep my official identity a secret, and now he catches me red-handed. Here I told him I was touring Europe on a sweeps prize, when in reality I was trailing the very gang he was assigned to. The joke of it is, neither one of us knew the other was on the case. An-



What they've learned about nerves can help you in your job

HERE'S one job, you'll admit, that takes unusually steady nerves. The knife-thrower just can't miss—and his human target mustn't wince.

RIGHT or WRONG?

Can you score 100% in this 1-minute Coffee Quiz?

COFFEE SHARPENS THE MIND

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

For centuries, the greatest writers and scholars have turned to coffee for inspiration. Because coffee makes the brain "click"... induces clear thinking... enlivens conversation. Check "Right" above.

COFFEE LEAVES A "HANGOVER"

Right? ☐ Wrong? ☐

It is true that coffee is stimulating, but this stimulation lasts only two hours. And, unlike most other stimulants, coffee does not pick you up only to let you down later. Check "Wrong" above.

So these performers, like most professionals, drink hot coffee daily. Because coffee relieves nervous tension... makes for better coordination between mind and muscle. Helps to relieve fatigue, too, by removing its very cause.

So when you are tense or tired, drink coffee as they do—for a quick exhilarating pick-up. And if you're like 97 out of 100 people,* you'll enjoy your coffee and a good night's sleep too. For this helpful lift lasts only two hours.

*Medical authority on request

PAN AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, NEW YORK CITY

REMEMBER THIS: To make good coffee, use enough—a heaping tablespoonful to each cup.

IS THERE A COFFEE FESTIVAL IN YOUR TOWN?

Leading department stores are featuring, during February and March, the latest in coffee-brewing devices and demonstrating the best methods of brewing coffee. You'll find it interesting.
DON'T MISS IT!

**COFFEE
CHEERS
YOU UP!**

Published by the Pan American coffee producers, for the benefit of the American public, the largest consumers of coffee in the world
BRAZIL • COLOMBIA • CUBA • EL SALVADOR • NICARAGUA • VENEZUELA

other thing, I'm wondering what Lenora's going to say when she learns her roommate is not really a manicurist but was posing as one just to get a line on the dope gang from the New York end.

Grosvenor grabbed me and kissed me. Oh, man, he's awful cute! "Now we'll get places!" he said, nearly crushing my ribs. Then he took me aside and quietly outlined his plans, with the result we agreed to combine our efforts in order to snag the Count and his dope-smuggling gang. (They were smart—they didn't even let Regan in on the secret that dope was their racket, not munitions.) As I sorted out the evidence I had gathered on the ship, Grosvenor threw in the data he had pinched from the Count's

Hang onto your hats for a last mad whirl! Be in at the finish next week when Uncle Sam gets his crooks and the girls get their men!

desk, and between us we had enough evidence to hang them.

"If we could only get a good picture of the Count," he remarked, "we'd have the case closed."

"Suppose I could produce a lady who has just such a picture," I said. "Would that interest you?"

"Would it?" he all but yelled. "Let me get my hands on it!"

"Not on your life!" I threw back. "You're not going to put your hands on *this* particular pic..."

At that moment our conversation was interrupted by the phone clicking. When I lifted the receiver it was my tattooed countess. I told her to have the other countesses meet us at the airport.

We had hardly gotten into the cab than Grosvenor began talking French to her like a native. He put the pump on her ample by asking her where she had met the Count, how and why she married him and all the other details. The result was, he found out more about her than she knew herself.

When we reached the airport it started to rain and a young hurricane was brewing from the east. From all appearances, I could see that our trip across the English Channel was going to be anything but a joy ride.

The plane took off, circled the field, and made a beeline for the Channel, leaving the great spires of Notre Dame and the Eiffel Tower behind us.

As Bob Grosvenor and I sat comparing our recent communications from Washington, we laid out the final groundwork for ensnaring the Count and the heads of the dope ring.

As we got over the Channel, the plane suddenly did a wing-slip and seemed to jump into space. I could hear Lenora screaming at the top of her pipes: "Get me out of this thing, somebody! Get me out!"

Then, like a flash, up went the tail and down went the nose.

"She's power-diving to the earth!" some one yelled.

"Help! Help!" we all screamed.

THE END

FAME IS A

Song

BY MARY ("My Heart Belongs to Daddy") MARTIN

as told to HELEN HERMAN



Mary Martin of Texas, who rode to success overnight on a song.

From Texas to Hollywood stardom! A grateful lady tells you how it happened

PEOPLE are always interested in other people who have fallen upon quick fame. That's what you'd call it in my case—the act of stumbling on it. Out of this sympathetic curiosity some one said the other day, "Mary, what's the best part of all this?"

"Feeling grateful," I answered. I was thinking of dad and mother, of Millie, my girlhood friend, of my voice teacher, of Lawrence Schwab, and a man by the name of Cole Porter who wrote a song. You could tell the short short story of my life by the people I'm grateful to.

It's a grand thing, gratitude; better for your digestion than any amount of bicarbonate of soda. It will do more for your face than the best make-up, and as a mental tonic it will outstrip any brain specialist.

But nobody knows better than I that it isn't always easy. There were those bleak, black days in Hollywood, when Millie and I got farther and farther down the social and economic scale until the next drop of a thirty-second of an inch would have landed

READING TIME • 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

us on the bottom step of the train back home.

Millie and I came from Weatherford, Texas, to make *my* way in Hollywood. That's the kind of girl Mildred Wood is. Everything for Mary: faith—lots more than I had in myself; hope—it was Millie who finally thought up the gag that put us over; and charity—plenty of it.

But we hadn't been close until Millie came to run the dancing school I had started more as a joke than anything else. The joke turned out to be on me when I found myself with a booming little business on my hands and only two feet with which to cover all the ground. So Millie took over the managing end, we put on some extra instructors, and got our heads together in a sort of two-smart-girls act, which resulted in our opening two additional schools in neighboring towns.

The old restlessness began to gnaw at me again; the same restlessness that had made school in Nashville pall so badly, that had driven me in my freshman year into a much too early marriage which had no chance of succeeding but which gave me my most precious possession—Larry, now seven years old.

Under the renewed urge I decided our dance routines needed brushing up and I'd better go to Hollywood to take a summer course at the famous dance studio of Fanchon and Marco. All summer I toiled away without creating a ripple, and when I returned home in the fall, the waters of Hollywood closed over my head with not even a bubble.

Back once more in Weatherford, I added voice lessons to my curriculum, studying with the man who was to be a turning point in my life, another fulcrum of gratitude. I'd always loved to sing, even from the days when as a five-year-old youngster I toddled out on the platform at an Elks' carnival and entirely without benefit of request proceeded to sing "When the Apples Grow on the Lilac Trees." Maybe singing would be the answer for Mary Martin.

Millie and dad were endless comforts throughout that winter. "You wait. You'll show 'em!" they'd say. Then one night the building which

housed the Martin emporium of the dance burned down. I can remember gazing at it, fascinated, as the flames licked the sky. But they weren't flames to me; they were a symbol. The past was dead; long live the future!

"Millie!" I grabbed her arm excitedly. "It's a sign. Let's go to Hollywood!"

Judging by the reception we received, Hollywood didn't believe in signs—except the Indian sign. That's what we seemed to have on us. At first we stopped at one of the nicer apartment houses. Millie would get me all fixed up from our combined wardrobes—I was front man for our unit and had to make a dent on the prospects. I made a dent—right on through and out the other side. I talked myself into a whispering bass, trying to get agents to handle me.

Finally one of them got me a test at a big studio. No soap—Mary didn't have enough lather. We tried again, and again; so many times, in fact, that I became known as "Audition Mary."

The Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer test really looked hot. It went on at intervals for two weeks. Then came the cruelest blow of all. The kindly sentence pronouncer at M-G-M said in effect, "Go home, little girl, go home. Don't break your heart over Hollywood. Your nose is too big and your chin is too long."

But Millie and I weren't used to failure. We moved into cheaper quarters, did more and more of our own work. I got occasional radio jobs, even a Buddy Rogers broadcast which I thought would surely do something. But it didn't. At length I landed a job in one of the lesser night clubs. Unfortunately, I couldn't top the dishes. The customers took me as a matter of course—the last course on the menu.

One day I was walking down Hollywood Boulevard when I ran into my old voice teacher from Nashville, Tennessee. He asked me what I was doing. It was no use trying to put on a good face. I told him how terribly discouraged I was.

"Mary," he said earnestly, "would you be willing to do nothing but study for six months?"

I rushed home to Millie. She counted up her small remaining capi-

tal. I called dad on the phone. "By all means stay and do it," he said. "I can see you through as much as that." Bless him, oh, bless him!

And then work began in earnest. Daily hours of scales, sight reading, studying the operatic literature and lieder. We moved to the cheapest sort of little bungalow court, did all our cleaning, washing, cooking, mending. I was improving, but we couldn't go on like this forever. And it was slowly getting me down.

MILLIE took a long speculative look at me one day. "Something has got to be done," she said, "but definitely something." She ran her fingers through her lovely red-gold hair. "Let's start concentrating on Opportunity Night at the Troc—you know, Sunday nights they give unknowns a chance to sing for their supper, with all the Hollywood bigwigs there. If they like you, you'll get a two weeks' engagement."

We began to work like mad on that angle and finally managed to wangle a bid. Then the question was what would I do, and *what* would I wear. Well, I worried. Straight blues songs hadn't been the means of my electrifying the customers in my last nightclub job, yet certainly a serious and sober slice of grand opera wouldn't delight the souls of the revelers.

"Why don't you combine them?" Millie suggested mildly.

So that was that. But the dress problem—there was another stumper. I had no jewels or gorgeous gowns, and that's what it would take to make yourself felt in that galaxy of stars and star sapphires. But Millie had another idea. Just to be different, why not wear a plain flared skirt and blouse with a broad belt—very simple and collegiate?

On a certain Sunday night at the famous Trocadero Club you might have seen a hot-and-cold Mary sitting off to the side wondering if her turn would ever come. When they finally called my name and I stepped out into the blinding spotlight, I thought to myself, Well, here it is, Millie. It's sink or swim for the girls from Texas.

As I started the opening strains of *Il Bacio*, very formal and concertino, you could fairly feel the audience saying, "What *is* this?" It seemed as if the spot where I was going to carry over into swing would never come.

Then I hit it, and in all the world I don't expect to experience again the electric thrill that came back at me from those people. Suddenly the place was alive and shouting. They wouldn't let me go, the very ones on whose doors I had been beating for months and months.

Lawrence Schwab, Broadway producer, was there, a point which was to make personal history for me.

When our long-silent telephone began to jangle itself into hysterics the next morning, nobody got a bigger kick out of it than Millie. Agents old and new, managers, talent scouts asking for tests—and Lawrence Schwab.

He was doing a play in the fall, Ring in the News. Would I come to New York? I said yes.

Millie was a little dubious. New York was tough. After all, I hadn't done a single professional job on the stage, but I *had* cut through at least the outer layers of the Hollywood kernel. Hadn't we better stay where we were? But I was firm. New York was going to be our oyster.

I'll never forget how that oyster looked when we arrived, on September 13, 1938, to open it! Mr. Schwab greeted us with the news that the show was off. Millie, with stupendous restraint, never even said "I told you so."

But Mr. Schwab hadn't forgotten us. In a few days he phoned me to get right down and see Vinton Freedley, who was casting *Leave It to Me*, music by Cole Porter! Not for the lead, but the part I would play had a song. . . . It certainly did!

Without too much scrutiny I grabbed it. Good, bad, or indifferent, at least it would buy coffee and cake for Millie and me. And it *was* a New York show, with three outstanding musical-comedy stars, Billy Gaxton, Victor Moore, and Sophie Tucker.

OPENING night, when all the tried-and-true veterans were sick with nervousness, I was so darned green I couldn't wait to get out there in front of the audience just to see what would happen. I didn't even have enough sense to face the audience when I was doing my stuff; just kept looking at Billy Gaxton until he took my face in his hands, literally turned it out front and held it there.

Sophie Tucker said she really didn't believe I knew the meaning of the lyrics I was singing in *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, but then that was probably why the Siberian strip-tease got by so cheerily. "I've been singing risqué songs for thirty years, Mary," she added, "and the way to get away with it is to stand looking up at heaven and sing with an air of innocence on your face. Then no one can complain."

I used to watch Victor Moore night after night for the perfect timing of his comedy. He's the best comedian in the business. He and Billy Gaxton taught me all I know on that score, and I'm terribly grateful to them. When Paramount gets around to doing *Kiss the Boys Goodbye*, I hope to show I was a good pupil.

There was just one dark tragedy in the bright lexicon of *Leave It to Me*. Less than a month after we opened in November, word came that my own dear father was sinking rapidly. I flew to his bedside over the week-end. It was the last time I was to see him alive. In 1939 my studio did a very beautiful thing: They arranged my personal-appearance tour so that I could commemorate quietly with my family, on December 20, the anniversary of his leaving us.

What shall I say my gratitude is for the love and understanding he

gave me? Make it infinite, and that's the best I can do.

Of course New York was a round of fun and gaiety. Millie and I got ourselves a penthouse and really went to town. That is, I did, what with beaus and parties and romances. But Millie seemed a little quiet, a little aloof. Her eyes, however, brightened when the usual Hollywood offers began to come in. Mine didn't. I'd been burned too badly. So I stuck cotton in my ears and went merrily on with *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*. Finally Arthur Jacobson, talent scout for Paramount, turned on a dash of persuasive genius. The next thing I knew I was making a test for that studio, and Andrew Stone, another special gratitude of mine, clinched the deal by asking for me as his lead in the Victor Herbert picture.

THE contracts were signed, giving me a fifty-fifty break of pictures and the stage, and Millie—a very jubilant Millie, I must say—went on out ahead to get a house for us. When I arrived I was so busy learning another brand-new medium, the camera, that I didn't have much time to check up on Millie's private life. I just knew that faithfully every morning she would come in to wake me and see that I got on the set by six. At length it began to percolate through my head that Millie wasn't just getting up then herself. She was coming *home*!

I started to worry. Something must be done. No one could stand such a pace. I finally gathered my courage together one morning.

"Millie, what on earth are you doing, coming home at this hour every morning?" I began, adding with a Gibraltar touch of levity, "Don't tell me you're married!"

"Yes, I am," Millie answered.

I nearly fell out of bed. "When?" I demanded.

"After I came back to Hollywood. He's the boy I was going with when we left for New York."

"But why didn't you tell me?"

"You didn't ask me," she replied.

So there you have it: a loyalty that wouldn't let her friend down when she felt she needed her, even at the expense of her own honeymoon!

"Well," I said, bouncing out of bed, "I'm not going to let you jeopardize your marriage just to take care of me! We'll bring Larry and mother out here, and you go be a wife to your husband."

That's the way we settled it. But I couldn't talk her out of coming East with me when I had to make a personal-appearance tour after the picture was finished.

Don't ever let any one tell you that women aren't capable of as great friendships as men are!

They say that the picture is a success, and I'm glad. But as you look at that girl on the screen, I want you to see the invisible ones around her who have put her there; the ones whose names are written in gold letters in her book of gratitudes.

THE END

For boys, and a better America!
A stirring call for the help of
youth in the war against crime

BY
J. EDGAR HOOVER

Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation



READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

IN my business I meet a good many undesirable characters. Murderers, robbers, arsonists, rapists, kidnapers—they pass in an unending procession before the eyes of the Federal Bureau of Investigation.

Some of these hoodlums are old; some — far too many — are young. Some are rich, some poor. Some are handsome, some repulsively ugly.

Frequently I am asked if all of them have any trait in common, and I am able to answer without hesitation: "Yes, they are all liars."

Possibly it is because of my special opportunities for observing what happens to human beings when the old-fashioned virtues are forgotten or wantonly discarded — perhaps it is because I am just old-fashioned myself — that I look back with fond eyes to the day when a boy or girl sat at a school desk writing in a copybook that "Honesty is the best policy."

Written and rewritten, that old maxim pounded itself into the subconscious mind until it was part of the very character of boy or girl. It was their bulwark when some tempter came beside them. In time of need there would be the stirrings of warning from the subconscious:

"Don't do this. Don't be an idiot. Honesty is the best policy."

Crime prevention is as simple as

that. It is the teaching of honesty, of straightforwardness; it is the selection of youth for guidance. To achieve these results, we do not need theorists and magicians. There are too many psychological theorists who attempt to explain the means of crime eradication in a language which nobody can understand.

Those of us connected with the Federal Bureau of Investigation and other law-enforcement agencies realize, perhaps more than any other group, the importance and need of adequate early guidance. Only in the rarest instances of diseased minds can we say the first offender commits crimes because of an individual anti-social peculiarity. Children go into crime because of deep faults in society such as poverty and degeneracy, and because their elders neglect them and leave them to run with the gang. The human desire for society and group action is predominant. We must, therefore, afford proper outlets and supervision for boys' groups.

This can best be done by active support of youth organizations, such as the Boy Scouts of America, on such a wide basis that all youngsters during their formative period can receive the benefit of such training.

We of the Federal Bureau of Investigation have carefully selected and trained young men of legal or accounting experience who look upon law enforcement as a profession. A large percentage of these special agents have been Scouts or members

of similar organizations. We believe and trust that our efforts have been instrumental in gaining an increased respect for law and order on the part of American youth.

Effective law enforcement, however, will not alone cure juvenile delinquency. The average boy is readily molded by criminal associates, and particularly so if his home life is not morally healthful. When boys are thrown together in their so-called gangs, improperly supervised, the dominant character among them becomes the ruler or leader of the gang. Too often a bullying leader forces his will on his weaker associates. Before they realize it, they are involved in crime, largely because of misdirected hero worship.

Nine times out of ten the same boy would grow to useful manhood under the influence of an upstanding, virile, husky young man who would set him the right sort of example. Boys' clubs conducted by a police organization are almost invariably successful. The boys turn their hero-worshipping tendencies on the policemen and do their best to be like them.

I have seen countless examples of similar results attained by the Boy Scouts of America during its thirty years of service. I know of no movement more worthy of moral and financial support. The threefold development, mental, moral, and physical, at which it aims is building for us a useful, manly, proud type of citizen ready to accept the responsibilities which time places upon him.

There can be no greater service than these youth organizations perform. For perhaps no single crime

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TOGETHER

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If you are feeling dragged out... if you often get slight digestive upsets that pull down your vitality—it is time you tried putting the new Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast into your diet.

Scientists say it's both the vitamins and the action of fresh yeast itself that make Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast so helpful in building people up.

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The vitamins are needed to build up steady nerves and build up vitality.

Only in Fleischmann's High-Vitamin Yeast can you get such an abundant supply of the 4 vitamins, A, B₁, D and G, and all the vitamins of the amazing Vitamin B Complex.

Start now to eat 2 cakes every day. After only a few days, see if you do not begin to feel better, have more vitality.

Let this Fresh Yeast give you double help



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problem is so menacing as that of juvenile delinquency.

Just as the Boy Scout organization is without racial, religious, political, or class distinctions, so juvenile crime is confined to no one group or class. It is a problem that affects us all, and we must all do our part.

One of the great fields of battle is the American home. It is an appalling fact that many parents must turn to the mirror to find the true reason why their boy or girl has been engulfed in crime. The father whose child hears him constantly talking of gambling, or envying notorious crooks the money they have made, or gloating over the published or broadcast news that some super-gangster has again evaded the efforts of law-enforcement officers, is himself committing a crime in that he is misguiding his listening child. He is wittingly or unwittingly painting a picture that is romantic and alluring.

THERE is no romance in crime and there is no romance in criminals. The desperate law violators of America are rats, vermin, vultures. They sink deeper and deeper into a mire of viciousness. Their plunder slips through their hands into those of political renegades whom they must pay for protection. Their lives are constantly harried. They have no chance of a home, of real standing in a community. I can liken them only to rats hunting their holes before the approach of the exterminator.

Remember the wonderful stories about the man who was called the "Phantom of the Ozarks," the "King of Bank Robbers," the great hero of the Southwest—otherwise "Pretty Boy" Floyd? Let us see how heroic he really was. For years, while he enjoyed the protection which he bought in criminal hide-outs, he was brave indeed. But after a time the Federal Bureau of Investigation set upon his trail and it hunted him from one hide-out to another. So at last he was forced into the open, and what, then, was this famous "modern Robin Hood"? He was a skulking, dirty, ill-clothed hobo, and as such he was hunted down to his end.

Yet even Floyd might have been kept from crime if taken in hand in time by the right people.

We find that practically every one of these ego-inflated public rats—"Baby Face" Nelson, John Dillinger, Karpis, Floyd, and the like—started his career of crime when little more than a child. We find them engaged in petty thefts, stealing tires from automobiles, engaging in robberies with older men, at a time of life at which, in the older and more conservative days of America, parents were accustomed to instill into their sons' immature and pliable minds the desire for honorable endeavor. These boys and thousands upon thousands like them were allowed to drift. They were permitted to gather in the saloon, the tavern, the pool hall, the gang at the corner. To the average youth of an earlier generation, fre-

quenting such places brought well deserved punishment.

The sentimental theorists who dominate present-day child guidance believe that if a child is chastised, its self-expression may later be inhibited! After studying literally hundreds of thousands of cases, I've been forced to the conclusion that family discipline is the exception today. Boys don't become bad overnight. They begin by getting away with little things because their parents are too careless or too soft to punish them. So I say that it is time for parental America to resurrect that old standard of discipline.

I have admitted that I am old-fashioned. But I am not ashamed of it. I would rather be old-fashioned than have upon my conscience the knowledge that some boy or some girl is condemned for year after year to live in the fetid atmosphere of a prison cell block. And besides the ruin which youthful criminals bring upon themselves, and the devastation and anguish they cause their families, there are, of course, the tragic sufferings of their victims. And remember: crime means, above all else, an assault upon the foundations on which we hope as a nation to perpetuate our progress toward a civilization in which there shall be peace and dignity, safety and happiness.

And what are we doing about it?

WELL, the Federal Bureau of Investigation naturally believes that one of the greatest deterrents to crime is the knowledge on the part of a prospective criminal that there will be sure detection, swift apprehension, and certain punishment—and not the "punishment" propounded by pussy-footing theorists and characterized by a radio in every prison cell and a parole for every convict.

Vitally important, of course, is the mental hospitalization of the older criminal, the rebuilding of character, the teaching of trades. Punishment without reformation and rehabilitation is meaningless.

But, as far as crime prevention goes, all this is largely locking the barn after the horse has been stolen. There is no possibility of wiping out crime by trying to reform criminals.

The only possible way to strike at crime is to keep early youth from becoming entangled in it. And we must strike not alone through individual effort but through organization, through teamwork. We have certainly found at the Federal Bureau of Investigation that teamwork pays. Ours is a "we" organization, not an "I" organization, and the former, I believe, is the only kind that can succeed in the field of crime prevention.

These are the reasons why I say that the activities of the Boy Scouts of America are invaluable aids.

It has been particularly pleasing to me to note that as a result of such intelligent efforts as theirs, and, to a degree perhaps, as a result of the example set by special agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation and

other efficient and courageous law-enforcement officers, the psychology of American youth is already greatly changing in its viewpoint toward criminality. More and more I note that young men are thinking seriously of law enforcement as a career. The hundreds of letters which reach my desk, often from very young children, are convincing evidence.

Here is one from a young man who, to judge by his spelling, is not too mature: "Dear Mr. Hoover, I would like to help you. Catch crooks. And kept down crime. And protect people. Pleze send me a bage. Tank you very mutch."

And this from a nine-year-old: "Dear Mr. Hoover I am writing you because I want to learn about G men. I want to be a G man. I want to serve my country. My school room has G Boys. I am the Captain. Pleas tell me how I can become a G man. I have read about you in my history. Do not think because I am young that I will forget."

Older boys are no less enthusiastic: "Dear Mr. Hoover: My ambition is to become an operative of the Federal Bureau of Investigation. As I am 15 years of age I realize that I cannot enroll, but at 15 I can learn its duties. I like every other citizen believe in Justice. But there are a few people who do not. They intentionally break laws. I and other citizens would like to see them behind bars."

GIRLS, too, are learning to be G-men: "In our club we have two pretty smart operatives although they are girls," writes one young man. Then he adds, as if in an attempt to prove that it is still a man's world: "We also use two (one being I) boys as a chief and Assistant."

Not always in the ranks do our girl law-enforcement students serve:

"Dear Mr. Hoover, I am a little girl 13 years old, and am the Chief of the Junior G-men of Totowa, a section of Paterson. . . . Would you please send us a list of Men Wanted for crimes."

The spirit of good-fellowship shown by these youngsters is heartening to us older crusaders against crime. One, after telling how fine his organization was, added encouragingly, "P. S. You have a fine organization too." All of which has its lighter side, but is important as showing the direction in which the tide of juvenile psychology is now flowing.

Education for the fight against crime cannot begin too early. There is no reason why it should not be a primary factor in our common schools. It should be listed as even more important than reading, writing, or arithmetic. America must learn how to combat crime on its own battlefield. It needs young men of the Boy Scout type who will seize the opportunity to lead the way.

Theirs is the chance to become, not necessarily G-men in the official sense, but, in whatever career they choose, crusading leaders for a better day.

THE END

DENTAL RECORDS REVEAL GINGIVITIS ATTACKS 4^{OUT} 5^{OF} 5!



EVEN YOU MAY BE A VICTIM

of this gum inflammation—often a forerunner of ravaging Pyorrhea!

If your gums are tender, sore or bleed at times—BEWARE! You may have Gingivitis—an inflammation where gums join the teeth and, if neglected, horrible Pyorrhea may follow with its shrinking gums and loosened teeth. *Only your dentist can help Pyorrhea, BUT—*

You CAN effectively help guard against Gingivitis, as results from a recent clinical investigation show.

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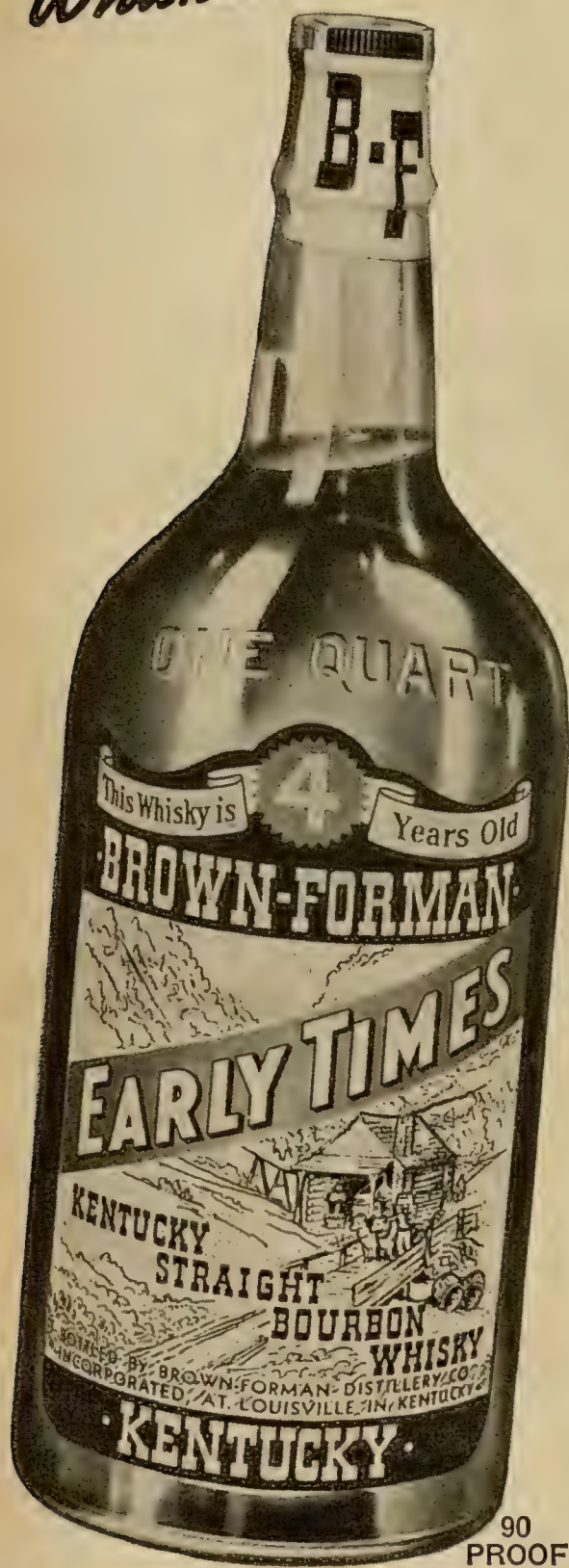


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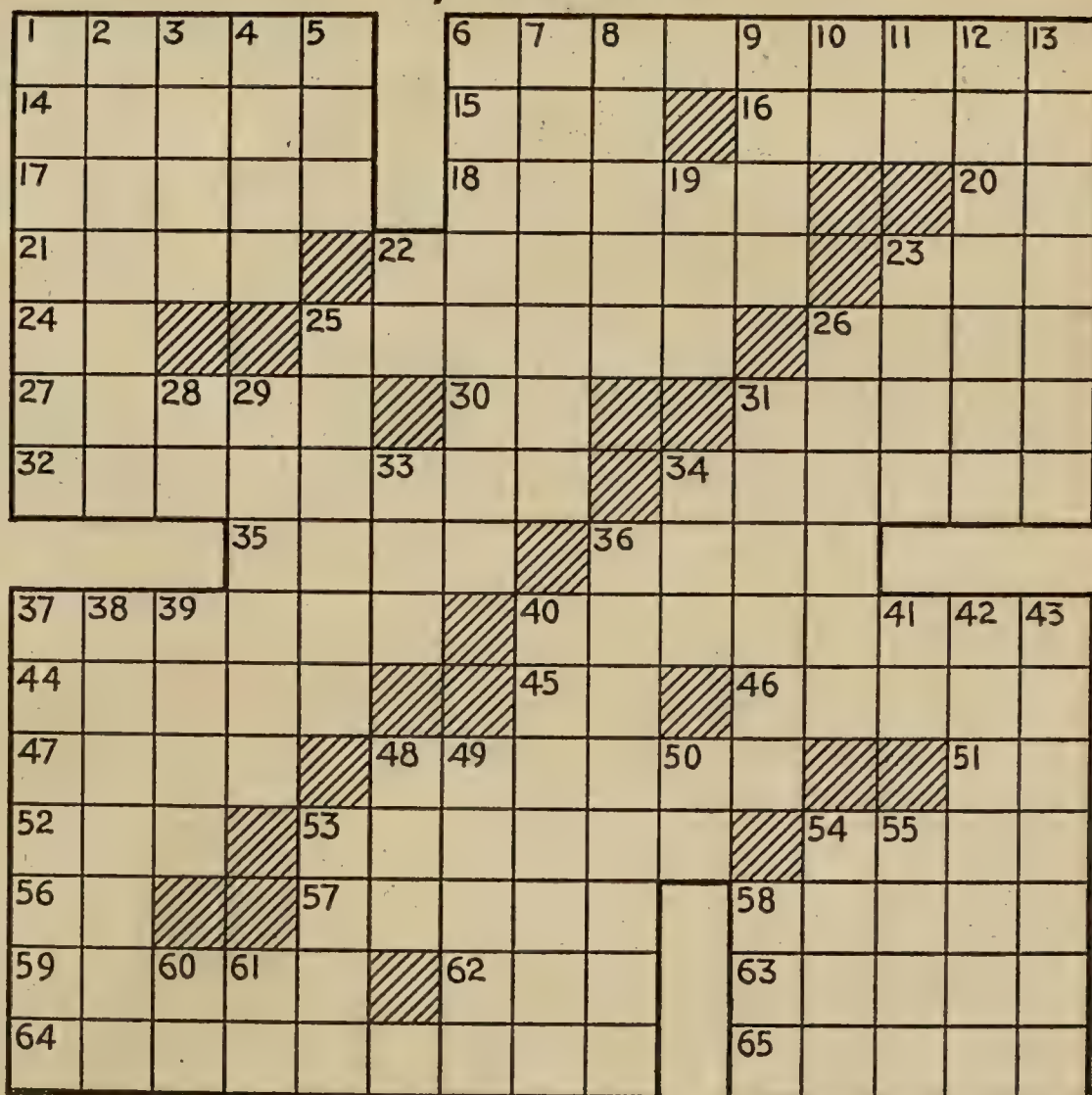
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COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

- 1 What natures do to vacuums
- 6 Tooth-paste salesman
- 14 Whacky
- 15 How poets get over
- 16 City dweller's motto: No — is good —!
- 17 Chinese kraut
- 18 What pop did when he sat on mom
- 20 Each end of a sarong
- 21 Cockney roll makers
- 22 Strain (on the ears)
- 23 Other woman in the Ozark Mountains
- 24 Hush Gabbing! (abbr.)
- 25 What old flames do to tinder old hearts
- 26 Mrs. Olympus
- 27 Turnip with b. o.
- 30 The cry of youth
- 31 An old-fashioned sticker
- 32 This Notre Dame back sure rang the bell
- 34 She was so beautiful he lost all five of these
- 35 Damp good play
- 36 You've got to hop to it or some jitterbug'll stomp on you
- 37 Town and farm revolutionaries
- 40 She turned Rhett when he first looked at her
- 44 Bangtail
- 45 Cockeyed Answers (abbr.)
- 46 When will Chamberlain marry Hitler?
- 47 Root for the old flag
- 48 Give-aways
- 51 Kind of I
- 52 What old hens do at tea parties
- 53 Mr. Xs

CALF ASIDE MISS
MALAR CURES UNITS
ERODE INAPT SKEET
SON TAD NORSE GEE
ALICE DIM TAN HELP
GROCER YORE
LARGER RIB BOLERO
IRE DECIDED BORAL
VEDA SAT LID TARO
INANE REFUGEE SEN
DANDLE DOG CAMERA
EMIT RAMATE
POTS RAP SIR TAPE
APE FEMUR SEW GET
RENAL APACE TICACO
TROVE LIVOR SATAN
AREA ELEGY EDEN

Last week's answer

- 54 They're reckoned in with current bills (abbr.)
- 56 Something on the hip (abbr.)
- 57 Santa on the run in California
- 58 Old-time S'uth'n Butler
- 59 Careful, duck this!
- 62 Old artistic stand-by
- 64 Canine Coventry
- 65 You can generally find this under a tree

VERTICAL

- 1 Safer in your radiator than in you
- 2 Politician's promise usually amounts to this
- 3 This skirt kept grampaw away from grammaw
- 4 Tax, worry, or extravagant wife
Russia Yells Tovarich (abbr.)
- 6 Time the business man woke up
- 7 What the lines do after a huddle
- 8 A drug on the market
- 9 Take away Amos and what have you?

- 10 Bit of a louse
- 11 Weigh of the Chinese
- 12 This one's heart
- 13 Two Washingtons: Kenny and Booker
- 19 Town in Yoruba, British West Africa
- 22 Mussolini's Gentle! (abbr.)
- 23 Attila was their Führer
- 25 You do it thousands of times a day without thinking
- 26 When you wrangle your nerves —
- 28 Two tiny pronouns
- 29 Mrs. Monster
- 31 What youth does from experience
- 33 It's it's
- 34 Stalin-Hitler Association (abbr.)
- 36 Winchell burns his at both ends
- 37 Fought to a Finnish (Russian)
- 38 Winner of the first bridge tournament, Lars Porsena south
- 39 Mickey Finnland
- 40 Teddie for short(s)
- 41 Little Evelyn
- 42 What girls are when offered diamonds
- 43 Tie-up on the railroad bridge
- 48 The water of Minnyahaha
- 49 Guide to the horses (pl.)
- 50 Cockeyed initials
- 53 Wild West casino
- 54 Two things you say to a doctor before he digs in
- 55 Table d'hot
- 58 The front of a millionaire's residence
- 60 Dragging Galoshes (abbr.)
- 61 Request for an encore on the trumpet

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

IS *Communism* INVADING THE BY REPRESENTATIVE MARTIN DIES *Movies?*

Chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities

READING TIME • 13 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE Communist Party has realized for some time the potential value of the motion-picture industry from both a financial and a propaganda standpoint. It has been the objective of the party to capture transportation facilities and propaganda media. In 1934 the party began a concentrated drive in Hollywood.

The Tom Mooney case served as an entering wedge. Mooney's cause was very popular in California. The Communist Party realized this fact and began to capitalize on it. They became very active in all demonstrations and organizations seeking to free Tom Mooney. Many of the Hollywood actors and writers gave large sums of money and permitted their names to be used. In fact, a roommate of Tom Mooney at San Quentin Prison who had been recruited into the Communist Party during his incarceration was assigned by the party to capitalize upon the popularity of the Mooney cause for the purpose of obtaining aid from Hollywood.

This former roommate of Mooney was able to contact a number of the prominent persons in Hollywood. After these contacts were made the Los Angeles County organizer for the Communist Party assigned a member whom I will call John Roe to work

with the Hollywood group. Roe established contacts with two or three people in Hollywood who had been transferred from New York by the Communist Party. With the help of these contacts Roe was able to start the organization of sympathetic

New revelations from a famous foe of un-Americanism

All statements made and opinions expressed by Mr. Dies in this series of articles are his own, and Liberty disclaims responsibility for any of them. For his statement of his case, it has allowed him the fullest latitude within the laws of libel. As always, it will be happy, in any instance, to present the other side too.



ROBERT A.
CAMERON

Got a COLD?

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WISE
Take



It's Great FOR RELIEF OF COLD SYMPTOMS

Don't trifle with a Cold! For a deep-seated cold, Be Wise—See Your Doctor.

—but for the first symptoms; a "scratchy" throat or that stuffed-up, "grippy" feeling, take Alka-Seltzer and see how much better it makes you feel.

Remember—Alka-Seltzer with its buffer-protected pain relieving properties can bring welcome effective relief from the misery of cold-symptoms. At All Drug Stores.

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It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

Hollywood professional people into small groups. He was instructed that at these meetings he was to conduct courses in Communist theory and was to discuss with these people all of the political issues of the day and to obtain their active support of the anti-Fascist and antiwar programs supported by the party, and to recruit the favorable members of the groups into the party and obtain financial contributions from them.

Through the year 1935 these groups grew to number forty-two professional people from the Hollywood district. They were later divided into eight study groups, each group having a party discussion leader who discussed Communist Party theory and ways of increasing the party membership and party financial contributions from the Hollywood area.

After these groups were organized, the amount of money collected by the Communist Party from these Hollywood groups gradually increased from about five or six hundred dollars a month to, on many occasions, as much as three thousand dollars a month. During 1936 this was the amount collected by the Los Angeles branch of the Communist Party. A considerable portion of the money collected was sent to the Communist Party headquarters in New York City as a special contribution to the party's 1936 election campaign.

FULL and complete information on the financial and membership set-up of the Communist Party in Hollywood is difficult to obtain. Hollywood fears the adverse publicity. This difficulty is increased because the Hollywood section was transferred to the New York section of the Communist Party, U. S. A. This transfer was ordered by Earl Browder, who visited Hollywood during the Presidential campaign of 1936 and was favorably impressed by the collection he received. He decided to make Hollywood a direct branch of the Central Committee of New York City because the receipts were too large to pass through the local branch.

Through an examination of bank accounts and sworn statements of former officials and organizers who had charge to some extent of the collection of funds from Hollywood, it can be established beyond any doubt that large sums of money have been collected by the Communist Party from party members, sympathizers, fellow travelers, and dupes connected with the film industry. Some of this money was collected by the Los Angeles branch of the Communist Party, some by the state committee, much directly by the Central Committee of the party. Some of it was deposited to the personal account of several Communist officials in a Los Angeles bank, and from these records it can be readily seen how much the Communist Party profited by the fear of Nazism and anti-Semitism on the part of some Hollywood producers, actors, and screen writers.

As stated above, in August, 1936,

Earl Browder came to Los Angeles. The Los Angeles section of the Communist Party was instructed by the state committee, who in turn was instructed by the National Election Committee of the Communist Party, that Browder wanted a meeting organized which would include all of the contacts the Communists had made in the Hollywood area, and wanted to use the meeting as the basis for the collection of a ten-thousand-dollar campaign fund from the Hollywood party members and sympathizers.

This meeting was organized and held at a home in Hollywood. Present were some prominent actors and screen writers, the majority of whom were members of the organized

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Mr. Dies told how, in May, 1938, information from his committee's two West Coast investigators, and a conference with film producers, had indicated to him that Hollywood had been "completely duped by the Communists." He attributed to natural anxiety concerning anti-Semitism the producers' view that Nazism and Fascism were the only real menace; he could see how Communism had made capital of this anxiety. Already he had evidence that more than forty prominent film-colony members were Communists or fellow travelers, and was convinced that Communist influence was responsible for subtle propaganda in some films.

groups to which I have previously referred. Incidentally, it can be established by qualified witnesses that the members of these groups bought Communist Party dues stamps under instructions from the Communist Party to destroy them. Witnesses who were at the time officials of the Communist Party in charge of the Hollywood work are prepared to testify that they saw prominent actors purchase these stamps and also buy party literature and accept party books.

During the time that John Roe was the man responsible for the organization and collection of funds from these Hollywood people, the Communist Party maintained a safety-deposit box in a Los Angeles bank. This box was used to lock up undelivered party books of the Hollywood members and any pertinent mail or communications, and also as a depository for funds that were being collected for the national office of the Communist Party.

A considerable amount of the money collected in Hollywood was expended for routine party matter, for the payment of salaries of party functionaries in Los Angeles, and to pay for dues stamps. In addition, by a decision of the state committee of the party, the Los Angeles section was ordered to send a minimum sum of five hundred dollars on approximately the fifteenth day of each month to the state committee in San Francisco. The state committee would require special funds from Los Angeles, and a considerable amount of the money was contributed every year to the Western Worker and to

other party activities, such as the organization of conventions.

In addition to the money sent to the state office in San Francisco, special contributions were made by the Los Angeles section of the party to different party commissions in New York City. For instance, during the 1936 election campaign, the Los Angeles section contributed several thousand dollars to the national radio broadcast of the Communist Party. The state committee of the party required, on many occasions, special amounts of money from the Los Angeles section for transfer from the district office to the national office, located in New York City.

A part of the funds was distributed through party organizations carrying on programs in support of the Chinese government. Some of the money was used for assisting the Communist Party in Austria, and the party membership of California purchased each week a solidarity stamp. The entire amount collected from this source was transferred direct from the Central Committee of the party to the Communist Party of Germany.

While a very loose and indefinite system of bookkeeping was kept to safeguard the identity of the persons who were contributing to the party, it was the party's custom to make false entries; or, when receiving amounts of money from persons whose names could not be mentioned, a notation, such as "donation collection," was entered. In the case of important contacts, the party did not issue receipts, and records were kept in a private residence.

IN July or August, 1936, the Central Committee of the Communist Party sent to Los Angeles one of its principal cultural organizers who has contributed often to the party's writings. He was assigned to Los Angeles to increase both the party's revenue and its numerical strength in the Hollywood area. He replaced John Roe and he took over the organization and collection of funds from Hollywood. He was under instructions not only to bring about a general strengthening of the party's organization in the Hollywood district but also to devote special attention to the development of cultural organizations such as "The Hollywood Anti-Nazi League" and to trade-union problems. He was also instructed to conduct an intensive campaign among the craftsmen employed in the different studios.

Acting under the directions of the Central Committee of the party, this organizer decided to bring about an immediate liquidation of the more loosely organized study groups, and to take the party members who comprised these groups and organize them according to their various occupations and professions into individual units where they would be able to concretely discuss the problems of their particular work.

The Communist Party organization in Los Angeles followed a def-



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Out of a quarter of a million retail establishments selling beer, however, there are bound to be a few "black sheep" retailers who disobey the law or permit anti-social conditions. For your protection . . . and also to protect our own business . . . we want those places *cleaned up or closed up*.

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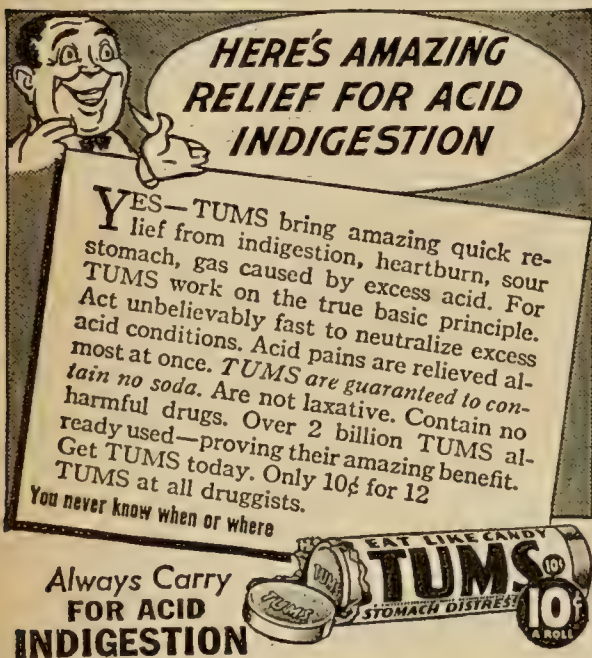
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ONE of the purposes of the Communist groups was to endeavor to prepare the manuscripts and select the casts wherever possible. They did everything in their power to encourage the production of anti-Nazi pictures.

It is my belief that the Communists and their fellow travelers did succeed to some extent in spreading subtle propaganda through the media of certain films. This was so cleverly done that it was difficult for the average man to detect it. The strategy was to have the pictures emphasize the defects of our political and economic systems. By continually stressing the weak points of the American system without giving due credit to its marvelous accomplishments, some of the pictures constituted the most effective and subtle vehicles of Communist propaganda that the party and the Soviet Union have had in the United States.

My chief purpose in writing this article is to arouse the Hollywood film producers and the American people to the great danger of this type of propaganda. While it is permissible and probably useful to portray the ugly side of the national scene, it is unfair and dangerous to ignore or minimize the superior advantages of the American political and economic systems under which we have grown to be the greatest nation in the world, with a standard of living far superior to anything that Europe can offer.

Not only was the Communist Party able to capitalize upon the anti-Nazi sentiment in Hollywood, but so were certain front organizations of the Communist Party, such as the American League for Peace and Democracy. From July 21, 1938, to August 29, 1939, a total of \$24,063.33 was deposited by this league in a California bank. The women's committee of this league during the period from September 23, 1938, to March 22, 1939, deposited \$4,140.66 in a bank in Los Angeles. There is of course no way of estimating the total

amount of money that was collected by Communist groups and racketeers from the Hollywood colony. Much was collected in cash and no record was made of it, but from all of the facts that I have gathered I am convinced that the total is very large.

I have seen no evidence that Hollywood recognizes its mistake in permitting itself to be used as a dupe and vehicle for Communist activity and propaganda. It is perhaps natural that Hollywood is leaving no stone unturned to prevent a full and fearless exposure of the extent to which Communists have infiltrated the film colony and disseminated propaganda through motion pictures.

What can the people do to combat the subversive activities revealed in this series? Letters at the rate of a thousand a day have come to him, Mr. Dies states, asking how to prevent Communists boring from within labor unions; how to end subversive propaganda in films; what to do about un-American aliens. Mr. Dies' answers will appear in an early issue of Liberty—answers every citizen will want to read.

To underestimate the resources and influence of such antagonists would be foolish and probably fatal. Even if Congress supplies us with funds to employ enough investigators and attorneys so that we will be fully prepared, our task will be most difficult.

However, as one member of the committee, I am determined that the people of this country shall learn the truth about subversive activities and propaganda in Hollywood and throughout the West Coast. I feel sure that the other members of the committee feel as I do, but I want to warn the people to be prepared for a campaign of ridicule and misrepresentation which will far exceed in subtlety and cleverness anything the committee has yet encountered.

I ALSO want to urge the responsible leaders of the great film industry to co-operate with us and to clean their house of un-American influences. Films must cease to be used as the vehicle for the dissemination of the Marxian views. While it is undoubtedly true that the great majority of actors, screen writers, and producers are patriotic Americans, and that most of the motion pictures which have been produced are free of un-American propaganda, there is no occasion for the production of any motion picture the subtle effect of which is to encourage or promote Socialism or Communism.

The film industry owes a great debt of gratitude to America. Under our political and economic systems, its producers, actors, and screen writers, as well as many other employees, have made fabulous fortunes out of this industry. The least that they can do in appreciation is to use this great medium of information and entertainment for the purpose of preserving the institutions upon which our economic and political systems are built.

THE END



Edwin N. Atherton,
first commissioner
of college sport.



WILL COLLEGE SPORT CLEAN HOUSE?

BY FREDERICK R. BECHDOLT

READING TIME • 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

ONE day during the last week of 1939 Jimmy Roosevelt walked through the lounge of the Biltmore Hotel in Los Angeles, unnoticed. On the same afternoon three famous motion-picture stars passed down the long gallery corridor, and not one head was turned.

Lounge, taproom, and gallery were as crowded as a subway platform at rush hour. But the crowd was too intent on other matters to heed screen beauties or filmdom's most widely discussed executive.

Groups of Tennessee rooters were discussing Cafego's bad leg. Men were debating in undertones as to whether U. S. C. rated five to six. Two hundred coaches, including most of football's Who's Who, were listening to blackboard talks on strategy. Sports writers from coast to coast were there.

Headlines were in the making. The Santa Anita track was opening its winter season that week; the Rose Bowl game was only four days away; the National Association of Football Coaches was convening; the Rules Committee was in session; the Na-

tional Collegiate Athletic Association was making changes in its constitution which might drive professionalism out of major college sports.

The newspapermen took it in stride. They dealt it out in exact accordance with news values, which are of the moment. If they had given their deepest headlines to the feature which will probably be remembered years after the 1940 Rose Bowl score has been forgotten, the public wouldn't have paid any more attention to the story than the lounge crowd paid to Franklin D.'s likable son.

That feature, which was relegated to inside pages of most sports sections, was the National Collegiate Athletic Association's stand against special privileges to athletes. Right then and there professors and athletic managers, representing institutions in all parts of the country, declared war on an evil system sponsored by some college presidents, encouraged by others, and tolerated by the majority.

Proselyting and subsidization of college athletes has been going on extensively ever since the days of the old wooden stadia. When interest in

amateur sports became acute and concrete bowls arrived, these practices spread all over America; they grew more flagrant. Today some universities are raiding campuses two thousand miles away for football, basketball, field-and-track talent. A few institutions have become so disgusted with the situation that they have withdrawn from certain major sports.

Fundamentally the blame rests with the heads of institutions.

There isn't a college president in America who couldn't have stopped illegal procurement and pay of athletes in his school at any time. The reason that so few have taken definite stands in the past is summed up in one word. That word is Money.

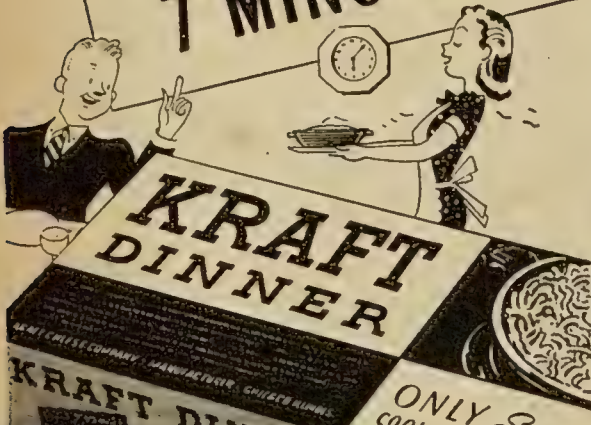
Don't get me wrong. They weren't all out for the dough. This is the way it happened:

Thirty years or so ago, when student bodies began growing rapidly and administrative problems became dominant, the old type of college president vanished from the picture; the educator was replaced by the man who was capable of handling a huge

The facts about a little-known new move against athlete-buyers. Will it work?

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and complicated organization. With the increasing need of millions to carry on where thousands had sufficed before, it was only natural that the go-getter type began to appear. These gentlemen had good noses; they smelled football money from afar; also they were quick to realize the prestige that success in basketball, field and track gives to an institution. There were not many of them; nor are there now. But they set the pace, and the large majority either followed suit faintheartedly or kept quiet, allowing things to drift because they didn't want to be rated as crusaders.

So athletics came to dominate the educational picture. Amateurism became, in many instances, a term of derision. The evil grew until, during that last week in 1939, even a majority of the coaches sensed the need for a drastic change. The athletic managers and professors who have the job of handling sports, started a huge house cleaning.

LET'S take a look at the evils before we turn our attention to the crusade against them.

The violators of amateurism may be divided into three classes: schools which frankly go into athletics as a business, schools which turn the dirty work over to alumni and synthetic alumni, and schools which merely refrain from checking bad practices.

Many of the first class give their coaches a cut of the gate receipts. All of them have elaborate scout systems to spot football, basketball, field-and-track prospects. Some of them carry talent scouts on their pay rolls. But don't waste your time looking for the names of these gentlemen on any official records. The bulk of this talent seeking, however, is done by alumni and enthusiastic fans.

Once a prospect has been hooked and landed, the usual practice of these institutions is to give him room rent, board, and books as long as he makes good. Many schools supplement this by assigning athletes to alumni to furnish spending money and presents. The more outstanding the player, the richer the alumnus.

Sometimes—and these instances are not infrequent—a big-time varsity collects more talent than its coach can possibly use, and hangs onto these players as long as possible in order to keep them from rival institutions.

A coach who handles football and field and track for a state university in the Missouri Valley Conference was talking to this writer and two fellow coaches a few days before the Rose Bowl game. In 1938, he said, the University of Tennessee raided his football squad and carried off two prospective stars. In 1939, so ran his story, the University of Southern California grabbed a track man who was doing the hundred in 9.6.

Another coach, working for a small-time college in Wisconsin complained that during three successive years his football squad had been raided by Tulane, Alabama, and Mississippi. That's a long way farther than For-

rest's cavalry ever got into the North.

In the second class, those who rely on outside aid for athletes, the alumni and synthetic alumni are usually recruited into unofficial organizations such as the Buck a Month Club, Trojan Club, Gridiron Club. The members do their own scouting. Some pay regular assessments which are pooled for the help of athletes. Others take youths whom they have discovered and look after their expenses. For this they receive certain favors: blocks of seats, admission to secret practice, etc. These well-to-do enthusiasts often make the lives of coaches miserable with importunities for advancement of pet players. Occasionally one of them stirs up internal politics and wrecks a strong team.

Things have come to a pass where high schools and junior colleges are raiding one another's campuses. Tramp football players who have hung onto their high-school standings fill the mail of coaches with applications for bed, board, and expense money. Coaches have ceased to bite, for many of these boys have used up their eligibility in schools of other states.

Well, there's the picture. Not in its entirety. Just a few examples gathered from different parts of the country. All because a comparatively few college presidents went after big gate money and the others either followed suit or sat back and let things ride.

Meantime rebellion was seething. A few college presidents got together and exchanged letters. One day last fall Robert Gordon Sproul of University of California assembled the Big C Club, composed of letter-men alumni. He told them California was giving athletes no special privileges, that he wanted alumni support. A couple of weeks or so later California began to take it on the chin in football. After the defeat by St. Mary's, alumni and students crashed the dressing rooms, called out "Stub" Allison, head coach, and told him they were for him, win or lose. Up north Jimmy Phelan had been assailed by the wolves whenever Washington lost a game. Last fall it was a different story. His team started a consistent loser. There was no howling. The alumni remained loyal.

THAT sort of thing has been going on quietly in various parts of the United States. A definite attack on the You Have Got to Win policy. And the National Collegiate Athletic Association has been preparing to clean house.

This body convenes once a year. Its membership includes two or three hundred colleges and universities, including every important institution in America. Back at the turn of the century it faced a situation which was perhaps as serious as the present one. Football was in danger of being abolished; the game had become so rough that deaths and injuries were attracting national attention. The N. C. A. A. took over rule making and abolished mass plays; from then on it kept pace with changing conditions

by amending the rules. It opened up the game. It brought increased surgical supervision and proper equipment. It handled all major and minor college sports. Until the last days of December, 1939, its functions were purely educational. Then it proposed amendments to the constitution. These were adopted.

Now membership in the N. C. A. A. necessitates certain qualifications, just as membership in the National Association of Law Schools does. An institution must first meet definite academic requirements, which are established within the district where it is situated. These met, the conference members of the district take a vote as to the athletic standing of the applicant—whether it complies with the standards now set in the N. C. A. A. constitution. These standards forbid any emoluments or privileges for athletes beyond those which other students get. In other words, no pay, no so-called "jobs" where a boy does no work; no proselyting of athletes. The vote by which an applicant is certified must be two-thirds.

And—here are the teeth—any N. C. A. A. member may be thrown out in case it is found guilty, by a two-thirds vote, of failing to adhere to the code as set forth in the constitution.

WHICH amounts to setting a national standard for amateurism in our institutions of higher learning.

The reformers haven't stopped at that. They are carrying the issue back into the various conferences. The basic idea of the campaign is a definite separation of the sheep from the goats. A member institution will not compete with any institution which fails to abide by the new standard.

The Pacific Coast Conference took the lead in this reform movement. That body convened in Los Angeles the day after the Rose Bowl game. It immediately proceeded to study the enormous report which Edwin N. Atherton, former member of the American consular service and ex-Federal Bureau of Investigation man, had made concerning proselyting and subsidization in that section. And before the week was out the conference announced to the world that all its member universities were guilty of a long list of bad practices which amounted, in one way and another, to violations of the amateur code.

The next day the conference hired Atherton, at a salary of \$25,000 a year, to serve as commissioner. Most important of his duties will be the strict enforcement of rules, based on the national standard set by the N. C. A. A. With this example set, it will be interesting to watch the reactions of other conferences in the immediate future.

It looks as if the days when go-getter college presidents exploited boys for the enrichment of their institutions are drawing to a close.

THE END



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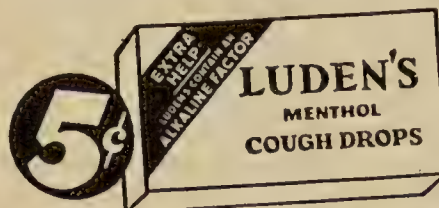
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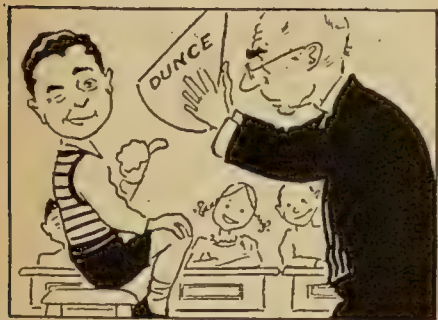
PROPAGANDA IN OUR SCHOOLBOOKS

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—George E. Sokolsky has discussed Propaganda in Our Schoolbooks (December 30, 1939, Liberty), and to make his point quotes from Volume 2, Number 1 of Building America. Very often when a paragraph or section is lifted bodily from an article the impression is much different from that given by the article as a whole. The closing paragraph of the article in Building America is as follows:

"Today, as in the past, the American people must be always watchful to protect their civil rights. They know that unless they are vigilant, these rights may be endangered and even taken away as they have been under European dictatorships."

I can find nothing wrong with the reasoning nor conclusion, and it seems to me that if Mr. Sokolsky has "strained at a gnat" in this case to find material for his article, there probably is something wrong with his general conclusions.—*Lynn H. Clark, Commissioner of Schools.*

KNOXVILLE, TENN.—As a teacher, I and many others of my profession are trying to achieve two things which Mr. Sokolsky all too unhappily demonstrates, *i. e.*, not to interpret facts out of their context, and then only with a reasonable effort to understand the writer's point of view; and secondly, to react intellectually rather than



emotionally (that is, without prejudice) toward those facts.

Though Mr. Sokolsky's tone is more moderate than in some others of his essays, I can only seriously deplore the insinuations subtly and insidiously made against the whole teaching profession.—*John S. Davenport.*

WINSLOW, ARIZ.—I am 100 per cent American. George Sokolsky's article amuses me! If our textbooks—and I was educated by them—were more truthful and weren't filled

with 90 per cent bunk and patriotic rubbish instead of good American common sense, Mr. Sokolsky's trash would be unnecessary.—*Carl Hill.*

COUNCIL BLUFFS, IA.—Mr. Sokolsky screams, "Propaganda in the schoolbooks!" As a school librarian may I comment on that article?

In Iowa a standard school provides five books a child for supplementary and recreational reading. Mr. Sokolsky discusses four that junior-high-school students may use, and one that teachers may discuss in faculty meetings. To give a good cross section of a school library, he should do more than confine himself to so limited a group of books.

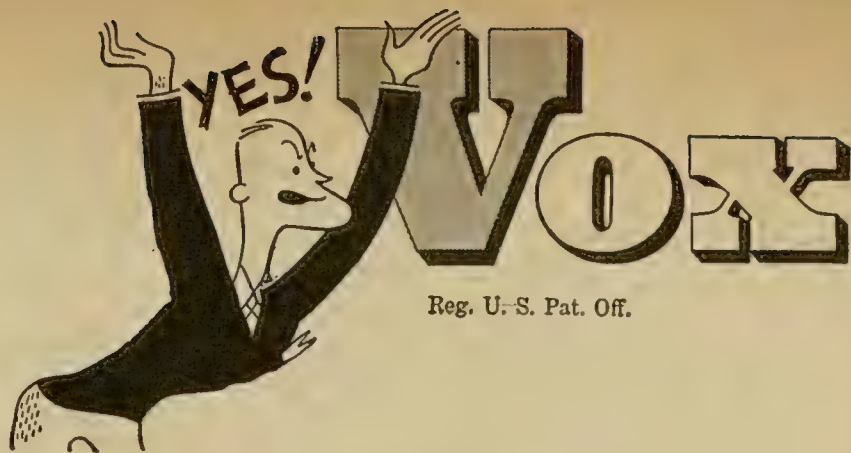
In science and economics a school is rated by the percentage of books published within the past ten years. In history and literature we judge by the variety of schools of thought represented. We are not collecting books to hoard. We buy for children who are learning to think, finding their own intellectual and emotional footing while they struggle against the undertow of the modern world.

I beg Mr. Sokolsky to consider that his school library will provide about four hundred titles. He has chosen four (seventh and eighth grades).—*Helen Ruth Montague.*

SOMERVILLE, N. J.—I suggest Mr. Sokolsky go back to school. Perhaps then he'd find himself better qualified to write an article on propaganda in American schools. As it is, I'm afraid he has been sadly misinformed. Speaking from plenty of experience—seventeen years old and a senior in high school; one of those "definite depression products," I guess!—I can assure Mr. Sokolsky that he has nothing—or at the most very little—to worry about. There is no propaganda in our schoolbooks. There is no treason in our teachers!

Sure we talk about Communism and Fascism and all the other "isms" that come our way! We have panel discussions. We have class debates. We take polls. So what! Why shouldn't we?

As for this here idealism business—well, it's your own darn fault! The world's too inconsistent. It's kind of hard to believe there's a Santa Claus and a Hitler too! Try it sometime.—*Betty Scruggs.*



Reg. U.-S. Pat. Off.

PIGSKIN PROPHECIES ★★★★★

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Four stars to Liberty for giving us Norman Sper's Pigskin Prophecies (October 14 Liberty). Not only did his story name Tennessee and Southern California as the two Rose Bowl participants but it also predicted that U. S. C. would win—and they did, 14 to 0.

Add three cheers to the four stars for Norman Sper, the nation's number one football prognosticator.

And by the way, Liberty's All-Players All-America team proved the best of the lot. Liberty, through the players, named John Kimbrough of Texas A. & M. Recently, against Tulane, Kimbrough showed the football world why he was selected.

I, for one, think the players know an opponent's value more than any one else connected with this game of football. That's only common sense.—*John Holbrook.*

"Some people are so patriotic," wires Jane Polk of Boston, Massachusetts, "that they want to take the red stripes out of our flag."

PROFILE OR FULL FACE?

PENSACOLA, FLA.—Can't the Vox Pop Editor or some other member of Liberty's staff (maybe Mr. Macfadden himself!) prevail on Mr. Oursler to destroy that cut of himself showing the full-front view? (January 13 Liberty.) The side-view one is wonderful (January 6 issue) . . . looks like a prince . . . an Ambassador to Spain . . . famous jurist or movie star . . . plenty of oomph! And it always makes the page seem brighter and finer. But we just don't like that other one a darned bit!—*Will D. Muse.*

ROXTON, TEX.—Mr. Oursler's full-face picture looks friendly, fair, clean-cut, as if the world could come to him with all its troubles and he

would be only too glad to fix everything O. K. The profile picture seems to say, "The troubles of your little world are just too minor for a man like me!"—*Mrs. Rufus Watson.*

WOMAN AS SYMBOL OF WAR

SPOKANE, WASH.—Every self-respecting woman who saw Miss R. M. Francis' Vox Pop letter in December 30 Liberty should congratulate



her for having the good judgment to express utter disgust of C. D. Batchelor for using woman instead of man in depicting war, as he did on the November 18 Liberty cover.

Using woman as a symbol of war, drinking the blood of youth, is preposterous, and is the last word in blame-shifting silliness. What is the matter with men, anyway! They brag about their strength, yet they are too weak to bear the blame of their horrible crimes.—*Mrs. M. I. Davis.*

DRIVE SLOW, SAVE GAS

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—You don't save gas by driving fast. It is only human to drive faster to get to a gas station when you notice your gas supply is running low. However, you are really using more gas in this way. It has been estimated that a car capable of giving 20 miles to the gallon at 20 miles per hour speed gives less than 15 miles per gallon at a speed of 60 miles per hour. The cost per mile for gas, oil, and tires at 60 miles per hour is nearly double that at 40 miles per hour.—*Tom the Tinker.*



TRIBUTE TO BERNARR MACFADDEN

RED BANK, N. J.—Did you happen to see the fine editorial tribute to Bernarr Macfadden in the Monmouth American?

Here it is, and please don't keep it to yourself.—*Henry Limet.*

LEADING THE WAY TO A HEALTHY, HAPPY UNITED STATES

Perhaps popular education has not yet reached the point for general comprehension of the fact, but the day will come when Bernarr Macfadden will be reckoned one of the greatest Americans of all time.

While politicians have made sociological experiments and wars and increased tax burdens, Macfadden has not only lengthened the life span but has also incalculably augmented human happiness by

teaching correct living that averts or banishes disease.

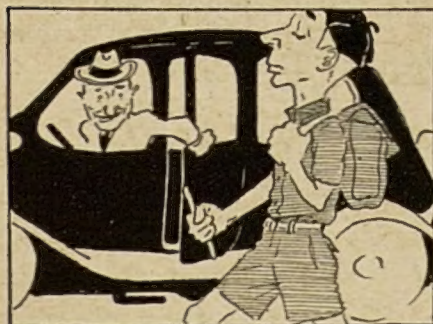
This is a constructive achievement of such magnitude that by comparison the big things accomplished by leaders of statecraft, industry, and science seem small indeed.

Treating the human body right with a view to maximum physical and mental vigor is the subject in which Mr. Macfadden has for decades sought to instruct the American people. He has reduced the theme to elementary common sense. Just how much he has been responsible for the amazing drop in the mortality rate in this country in recent years obviously cannot be gauged with any exactness, but it has been tremendous—in all probability the most potent factor.

He has been and still is an inestimable blessing to America.

WALK AND BE YOUNG!

SANTA ANNA, TEX.—Anent Robert Wake's article There's Rejuvenation in Walking (January 13 Liberty), if walking is a stimulator of virility, then all of my three years of job-hunting, hitchhiking, "grapes-of-wrathings"



in hostile Arizona and California, and the countless other forms of forceful "legging it" haven't been in vain—if Mr. Wake is right, and I hope he is.

With this thought in mind, I can now laugh at the class-conscious motorists that whizz by me with "no rider" signs on their windshields, because I will be getting rejuvenated.

Never was a better plug for hitchhiking than Mr. Wake's article. I predict that pedestrians will soon again clutter up the highways!—*Leonard Gipson.*

CREDIT TO KENNY

PICKENS, S. C.—Accept my thanks for the fair manner in which you selected your All-America team, thereby giving Kenny Washington the credit due him.—*J. Rogers.*

☐ "How can I acquire an Irish brogue?" inquires John Emms of Starkville, Mississippi. "I want to talk like Bernard Shaw."

MASTERLY WOVEN TALE

WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.—Just a word to tell you how thoroughly enjoyable was Achmed Abdullah's yarn To Be Accounted For (December 23 Liberty). As usual, he has turned out a masterly woven tale with grand plot suspense and withal a beautifully written piece of work. Give us another story by him soon.—*Mary U. Frost.*

WANTS EVEN CHANCE

SOUTH RIVER, N. J.—I am in accord with George B. Bush (January 13 Vox Pop) in wanting a crossword contest of Cockeyes only, and one in which we are not required to write any statement on what or why, nor required to buy any expensive dictionaries or other reference books.

I am not a college professor nor a banker, as can be readily verified, but one of the vox pop, and want an even chance of winning with the higher educated and more affluent.—*Monroe Gibson.*

☐ "Instead of reading time, give us something more to the point," suggests Ivy May of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, "like: '10 per cent truth, 15 per cent spite, and 75 per cent hokum.'"

BETWEEN APE AND SUPERMAN

DEARBORN, MICH.—Progress across the human bridge spanning the gap between the ape and the superman is clearly defined by the increased physical, social, intellectual, and spiritual ability of man to exterminate himself with the slingshot or machine gun; the war canoe or battleship; the poisoned dart or lethal gas; the jungle song or Over There.

Fine work!—*Cliff Brooks.*

LET'S BE SILLY!

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—I am considerably indignant at the writer in January 13 Vox Pop who protested against (as he said) the "silly cartoons" in Liberty. Why, what this



world needs now most of all is more happiness and cheer rather than gravity and gloom. I am one (and I know many others agree with me) who says, "Give us more of those silly cartoons and silly Vox Pop letters."—*Stanley Laskowski.*

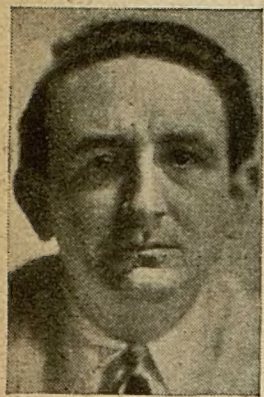
JOPLIN, MO.—Well, well, so A. A. Clark can't stand such silly letters and cartoons! It is to laugh!—*Fredda Payne.*

☐ "We have come a long way from the 27 cents per capita per annum tax of the Pilgrim Fathers to the 1939 level of \$107 per capita," says Mr. E. S. Folsom of Omaha, Nebraska. "Where do we go from here?"



"You better take out some insurance on me, mom. I don't think I'm goin' to last long, the rate I'm goin'!"

The Russians Nearly Shoot Our Correspondent



FULTON OURSLER

YOU ALL remember Liberty's flying war correspondent, Kenneth Brown Collings? The aviator and former captain in the United States Marines journeyed to Addis Ababa to tell you what was happening in the dark capital when the

Italians set out to conquer Ethiopia. It was through his efforts that the Emperor Haile Selassie, King of Kings, wrote his famous message to the American people exclusively for this magazine. An adventurous lad, Kenneth Collings, with something not altogether grown-up about him, something young and excitable that makes him unhappy when he feels safe. His latest adventure was a trip, a few weeks ago, which took him through Germany and Russia, enabled him to penetrate these censor-chained countries, and, as a prisoner of war, gave him three days with the troops of the Communist army. He believes that no other writer has had his exceptional opportunities to see behind the lines of the totalitarians — opportunities that brought him to the stone wall of a firing squad. An exciting tale it is, from an exciting chap. As a guest on the Lowell Thomas news broadcast, a few days after he returned to the United States, Collings scoffed at the wishful thinking of those persons who believe that the German people are on the brink of starvation, the Russians on the edge of collapse. Collings says it isn't so. His report from inside Germany and Russia was described by one of our enthusiastic staff readers as "the war story of the year." Perhaps it is, even though the year is young yet. You can, vicariously, have quite a time of it if you will begin the first installment of Kenneth Collings' new four-part serial, I Saw Hell in Germany and Russia, in Liberty next week.

BUT WAR AND TALES OF BATTLE are only a part of next week's exciting issue. The pages will glow with entertainment, information, and inspiration. Among the short stories, for example, is a tasty tale by Morris Markey, called Venus, Ltd. Another is Doghouse for Two, by Scott Corbett. Another piece to which we especially call your attention is Snerd and McCarthy—The Battle of the Century, in which the plight of Edgar Bergen and his two dummies is mercilessly disclosed by your old favorite, Frederick L. Collins. In the midst of the fun, though, there is food for serious thought. For example, Wal-

ter Karig raises the question, How Long Will Frank Murphy Stay on the Supreme Court? Not for the rest of his life, if the Washington cognoscenti know what they think they know. Murphy might leave the Supreme Court immediately if the New Deal needed him as a Vice-Presidential candidate next autumn. Otherwise, the high command of the New Deal strategy will keep him black-robed on the High Bench for four years, then bring him forth as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency in 1944. All this is part of a plan, a design, and Mr. Murphy himself, so the gossips say, does not understand all its true inwardness. Walter Karig, an astute and well informed Washington scribe, will tell you the future forecast for Justice Murphy by the cloakroom astrologers.

ANOTHER MYSTERY CONCERNS the beautiful English girl, Unity Freeman-Mitford. The whole world knows that she is the lovely and tight-lipped center of an international puzzle, but knows little more. The newspapers have told of her friendship for Hitler, a friendship maintained in the days before the war, in the face of growing impatience with der Führer throughout the British Empire. Then came the advance into Poland, and Europe was plunged once more into a struggle of Titans. Where did the beautiful and highly born English girl stand in that debacle? All sorts of stories float about, of course. Only a few weeks ago, if I may remind you, I quoted some of the reports on this page and pointed to a theory, held in diplomatic circles, that Unity was not under the spell of Hitler in reality, but was a four-star operative of the British secret service. Some of my friends in the British spy forces gave me a laugh on this. I told also how Unity was said to have attempted suicide.

It was only a few weeks later that Hitler allowed his charming little friend to return to England. But what a return! Not the buoyant young woman that had left England; what came back was an invalid on a stretcher. People whispered there was a bullet in her neck. Was it self-inflicted? Did Hitler shoot her? What had happened? As her ambulance car drove through the streets of home, there were files of soldiers to fend off angry crowds. They hated a friend of Hitler, as well they might. Overhead, airplanes! Protection from bombs! Beautiful Unity Freeman-Mitford, what is your mystery?

The author of next week's article thinks he knows the answer. He knows the English girl enigma, her background, and the currents that swirled around her. And what he thinks, he will tell you—unreservedly.

MUCH MORE OF CURRENT LIFE today, its mysteries and meaning, will be found in the remarkable table of contents we bring you next week. Among the features you will not wish to miss are The Moscow-California Axis: How Long Will It Last? by Martin Dies, England Does NOT Want America to Fight, by the Duchess of Westminster, and many other features, including full-measure helpings of the current serials.



THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.
FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY F. A. BABCOCK

*"Boy, you shoulda seen me
breeze by Doc Tompkins,
comin' up Elm Street hill!"*



PERFORMANCE! You'll find it in a FORD

The only place you'll find 8-cylinder performance is in an 8-cylinder engine. That's why the Ford V-8 stands alone in the low-price field!

You can *read* about Ford performance—you can *hear* about it from proud Ford owners—or *you can feel it for yourself*.

It's most fun, first-hand. See what this big car really has under its hood. Test it in traffic—on the hills—or out where the roads run long and

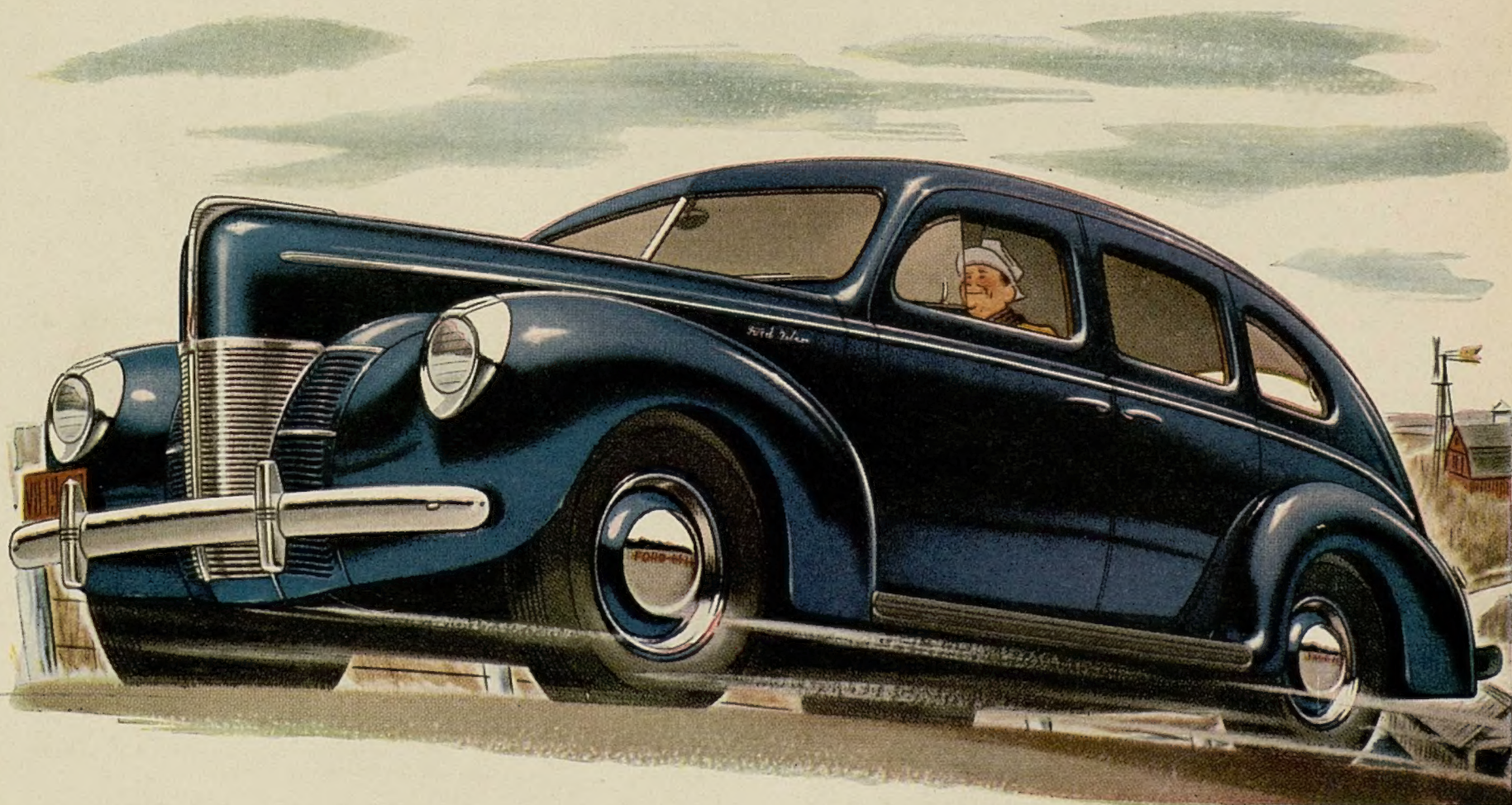
straight. Notice, also, how little gas you use as you go!

We hope you'll be hard-boiled about it. We know what this car *can* do, because we built it. We know that the most skeptical prospects come back from their first ride in a 1940 Ford with a grin of genuine pleasure.

Beautiful lines—rich interiors—extra equipment—these things you can see and appreciate

on the dealer's showroom floor. But the smooth surge of 8 eager cylinders, the smooth safety of big hydraulic brakes, the smooth comfort of the quiet Ford ride—all deserve much closer acquaintance.

In a very few minutes, any 1940 Ford V-8 will show you the vital difference between promise and *performance*! And you'll enjoy being shown! . . . There's a Ford dealer conveniently near you.



U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OFF FOR YEAR'S SURVEY

SLED DOGS...YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SLOW-BURNING CAMEL
CIGARETTES ACCOMPANY ADMIRAL BYRD TO ANTARCTIC



IF YOU WERE LEAVING TODAY to live for a whole year on the barren ice of the Antarctic, and if *right now* you had to choose the *one* brand of cigarette you would smoke through those months—you'd make sure you picked the right brand. The men on the Antarctic expedition were in a situation like that. The picture above shows what happened: The expedition took Camels! Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd explained: "Slow-burning Camels are a great favorite with us. You can be sure we have plenty." You, yourself, may never go near the South Pole, but the right cigarette is important to *you*, too. Camels give you *extra* mildness, *extra* coolness, *extra* flavor—plus *extra* smoking in every pack. (See below.)

"MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK"...

That's how these three members of the U. S. Antarctic expedition tell of the advantages of slow-burning Camels. Richard Moulton, senior dog-driver (*center*), says: "Slow burning is my measure of a milder, cooler, more flavorful smoke. I'd *sledge* a mile for a Camel." Nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of flavor and fragrance like excess heat. Cigarettes that burn fast also burn hot. Camels are slower-burning...milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler! Camels give you more pleasure per puff...and more puffs per pack (*see right*).

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—*slower* than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to



**5 EXTRA
SMOKES
PER
PACK!**

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CAMELS FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR
—SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS